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NO. 4

Commencement of 1909

Baccalaureate Sermon by Dr. Frederick L. Sigmund

I cannot help congratulating myself on the opportunity which is presented to me this day, both of meeting for the first time with so many representatives of the Southland, and of coming in contact with the forward movement in education, which is transforming this section of our country into the New South. It was surely a strange and unexpected providence which led to my coming; and I wish in my heart that it had been possible for Dr. White to be present himself, both to give to the members of the class the message which I am sure he alone could give from his wide experience and his thorough knowledge of the Scriptures, and to offer them that which they most wish—a message from God's word through God's servant to those who are about to go forth into life's work as the representatives of God in the home, the school and the nation.

Reference has kindly been made to my own personal experience in education. For nine successive years it has been my privilege to address the graduating classes of a western college at their commencement exercises—to preach to them the baccalaureate sermon, in which the last official note should be given in the name of the God in whose name the institution had been reared and their education had been carried forward. And if today I bring to this class a message which emphasizes the religious element in life and life's work, it will simply be

because in my own mind that which is highest and most important in any education is religion. The human mind and the human will must be trained to recognize in all education and in all life the presence and power of God, both as the Lord of their lives and as the One alone by whose grace and through whose strength life can be made truly successful and life's work can be carried forward to its real consummation.

So in line with this thought I wish to read a few verses from the sixth chapter of the book of Judges, beginning with the eleventh verse, in which the thought that I would emphasize this day is set forth with emphasis: "And the angel of Jehovah came, and sat under the oak which was in Ophrah, that pertained unto Joash the Abiezrite; and his son Gideon was beating out wheat in the winepress, to hide it from the Midianites. And the angel of Jehovah appeared unto him, and said unto him, Jehovah is with thee, thou mighty man of valour. And Gideon said unto him, Oh, my lord, if Jehovah is with us, why then is all this befallen us? and where are all his wondrous works which our fathers told us of, saying, Did not Jehovah bring us up from Egypt? but now Jehovah hath cast us off, and delivered us into the hand of Midian. And Jehovah looked upon him and said, Go in this thy might, and save Israel from the hand of the Midianites: have not I sent thee?" And as God said to Gideon, I will repeat his words on this day to this class, "Go in this thy strength: have not I sent thee?"

Israel had fallen into a grievous condition through invasion and overthrow, because of the repeated defeats which Israel had sustained at the hand of these marauders from the desert, until the spirit of the people was broken, and until there was no heart left in them either to resist the invader or to hope for deliverance from the hand of Jehovah himself. And now the Lord through his angel, who seems to have been none other than Jesus Christ himself before the incarnation, came to Gideon; and even though he were already amply prepared for the work of deliverance which he must accomplish in behalf of his people, Gideon was utterly ignorant of this

preparation and unwilling to believe that he himself was to be the coming deliverer.

And yet this man who thus raises the question as to even the presence of Jehovah with his people, was fully prepared for the work to which God was thus calling him. With physical strength, he was beating out the wheat; with clear intellect, he was doing so in the winepress and hiding it from the Midianites, thus adapting himself to circumstances. With ready knowledge he reviews the history of God's people and God's dealings with his people, and discusses the present condition in the light of past history. With moral courage he questions the presence of God with his people, and also the principles according to which alone God could govern or could save his nation. All that this man needed was to become aware of the presence in himself already of the necessary equipment to do the work to which God was calling him; and this illumination of his own mind, this inspiration of his will, this quickening of his imagination to see and understand was to come to him through the declaration of God himself, "Have not I sent thee: am not I present with thee? Am not I the One, who, coming from heaven, is both revealing new strength to thyself and opening up to thee the work which God now calls thee to do?" It is the sense of the presence of God in the life of the individual which alone can be the sure dynamic for achievement—the assurance that in my life and in your life God is present, is working and is guiding, which alone can arouse to the fullest exercise all our latent powers and make the weak and hesitating will undertake the work which God in his providence calls us to do.

And my mind in this connection reverts to the greater than Gideon, who in the early days of Israel's bondage was called out of Midian to save his people from the taskmasters; who also was uncertain of his ability both to lead and to overcome the power of Egypt; who also hesitated because he was slow of speech and because of the record from which he had run away, which also was in itself a hindrance to his people's deliverance. And yet both before and after this event we are told that the one sustaining, comforting, strengthening

thought in all his life even until the day when with eye undimmed and with strength unabated God laid him away and took his spirit to heaven, Moses, it is said, endured "as seeing him who is invisible."

These two expressions indicate to us, I think, the place of the assurance of God's presence in our lives, both at the beginning of any great achievement and during the years that must follow; for only he who is assured that he goes thus forward in the strength which God gives him, and only he who endures through the years that follow as seeing Him who is invisible, shall ever begin or continue or end any undertaking in the fear of God and bring it to its conclusion with glory to his Maker or with success in his hand.

Now, what is this sense of the presence of God? It is not merely the belief that there is a God. There are few indeed in the world who are thus atheists in their souls. There are few indeed who in the secret of their hearts and in the silence of their own sincere and candid thinking are able to review the history of men and look out upon the world of nature and declare to themselves, "There is no God." And yet one may be confident that the whole universe reveals wisdom which is more than man's and the whole course of human history manifests the presence in human life of that which is more than human, and still he may be very far from having the assurance that in the events of his life God is present, except in a very general and indefinite way.

Nor is it enough that one believe that the hand of God may be seen in crises of human history,—when through the movement of some race, in the issue of some great battle and the overthrow of some great host by a greater, or in the birth and training of some great character, influences have entered into human life that have changed history and have turned aside the current of human affairs. One may see unmistakably in these events the finger of God, and yet be blind to His presence in his own life, or dull to the sense of God's presence in the changing events of each passing day. He that has the assurance of God's presence, such as Gideon had, such as Moses had, such as every saint of God that has achieved much

for God has always had, must believe that God is in *his* life, in *your* life and in *my* life as individuals; that he has to do with its details as well as its more general concerns, and that he follows with loving interest and faithful co-operation all the changing scenes of each passing day. Not that my life or yours is more important than the lives of millions of others or that we are thereby of any more consequence in the current of human history that we would have been otherwise; but that the infinite God is infinitely present in all the details of human history as well as in its more general and apparently more important concerns. This conviction I say, friends, is that which has been the inspiring force and the sustaining grace in the life of every man and woman who in the sight of God has ever begun or continued any life-work which he has undertaken in the world.

The sense of the presence of God in some lives seems to be almost an intuition, and to others it seems to be a thought without faith, without significance, and without force. The contrast has been drawn between Edward Gibbon and St. Augustine, for instance, possibly because the one lived and was active in the age concerning which the other wrote. Of both these men it has been said that the beginnings of their lives were unfavorable to a deeply religious career. Both were skeptical in their young manhood, both were determined to live apart from God and independent of God's will; and yet while it is said of Gibbon that he was absolutely devoid of spiritual aspirations and incapable of understanding them in others, the words with which Augustine closes his matchless "Confessions" indicate to us that the deepest note of his life was the thought of God, which must have sounded through all the years before his conversion, and which certainly continued to sound through all the years that followed until his death. For in saying, "Lord, thou hast made us for thyself and our heart is restless until it rest in thee," he indicates to us that this was the crowning, the inspiring thought of all his life.

Now, the assurance of God's presence may come to men of all temperaments, of all callings, of all ages. It is not a con-

viction that is peculiar to any temperament, as the mystical; nor is it alone the possession of men in purely religious callings; nor does it come only at some stage in our development, as in adolescence. For men of all callings and of every temperament and at all ages have been conscious and affected by the thought of God. Not only he who looks in upon his own soul and studies his changing moods; but he whose look is outward and whose activity is in the world of affairs and who grapples with the problems of state as well as of religion, may be just as sure of God in his life as the man who in the retirement of his study or cloister gives up his whole life, as he thinks, to God and to God alone, and devotes himself to meditation and prayer. There have been men who have led great armies to battle; there have been statesmen who controlled the destinies of nations; there have been theologians whose intellects have been cold and keen; and there have been poets whose flights of imagination have reached even to the heaven of heavens; and yet all of them have been conscious of God, and of God's place in their lives. And as they reviewed the events of their lives, they have been able to explain that which has come to them and from them into the world simply because they believed that God was in them and was sustaining them. And so, whether we see it in the beautiful story of Samuel and the call which came to him at midnight as he lay in the tent of Eli; or we think of Augustine in his manhood when he heard the voice of his own soul, "Look and read, look and read;" or whether it be in old age, as of Simeon, the revelation comes with its comforting and sustaining grace, men and women in every age have found God near if the eye has been opened to behold him, and the ear has been attentive to hear him; and the mind has been willing to study his ways and heed his promises and believe the declarations of His word. It is not limited, therefore, to those who, with rare privilege and exceptional endowments and heritage, have been brought up amidst influences which have made for righteousness; but it has come to him, who like the shepherd of Tekoa was out with his flocks, or like that other shepherd in the earlier days, who was called from the

sheepcote to the throne; or like the fishermen on the sea of Galilee, to whom the Christ said, "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men;" or like Paul, the persecutor, at the gate of Damascus, to whom with the overpowering revelation from on high came the voice, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" Whether it be therefore in the open or in the secrecy of our hearts, in the beginning or at the end of life, God may draw near to us if we will hear Him and draw near to Him and may transform our lives as we have never dreamed of their becoming under any other influences.

And now let us correct an impression which in the minds of some people seems to have hindered them from undertaking to find God in their lives. Such a consciousness of God's nearness does not interfere in the least with the fullest exercise of our natural powers. Some have believed that the intellect must be restrained in its investigations; that the human will must be curbed and broken; that life in some respects must be stunted, and our fullest development must be hindered if the Spirit of God is to have His fullest exercise and place in our experience. And yet He who gave us the mind, did He not give it for application? He who furnished us with powers of imagination, did He not give us this power to use? He who endowed man with a will capable of directing his own life and of ruling over the world of nature, did He not give us this will-power for exercise? And may we not believe that in the workings of the human mind, in the exercise of the human imagination, in the purposeful and powerful will, the Spirit of God is at work just as truly as in the growth and operations of the human body, and in the movements of human history? For the Spirit of God is active in the intellect of man just as truly as He is present in the world of nature. We may believe that He can guide our thinking just as truly as we may believe that He is guiding our activities. We may believe that the expected and the purposeful and the intended events of life are as truly occurring in accordance with His will as we may believe that the events which are unexpected and unforeseen and unprepared for occur according to His providence.

And then He calls us, I believe, just as he called this warrior of old, not to any limited exercise of our powers, but to the fullest and the freest, the most intense, the most earnest and the most sustained application of every gift of mind and body and the utilization of every opportunity in life for His glory and for the advancement of that purpose which appeals to us in our best states as being that for which we ought to live and that to which we ought to devote our energies. For He only who has believed that God has called him to his work in life, can either pursue that work with whole-mindedness and with full heart or carry it to its consummation with assurance of success and God's blessing.

Now I would call your attention, friends, to the marvelous advantage of any man or woman who thus believes that God is in his life. There are times when all of us wish for a wisdom that is more than man's. There are times when two questions press upon our attention with almost overwhelming force; when we wish above all things else in life to be sure that we are on the right track, and to be assured that the past will not work to the injury of the future through any mistakes or sins or failures which it may have brought with it. Sooner or later every man or woman asks himself these questions: "Am I pursuing the course that God my Creator wishes me to pursue? Is it possible that the past with all its mistakes and all its failures will be overruled for good and for the attainment of God's will for me in the world?" And when these questions press upon us, when in the humiliation of our conscious failures in the past or in our uncertainty as to present duty or future work, we ask ourselves these questions, there is nothing that can so sustain the human soul or nerve it to activity or make it free and earnest in its undertaking for the days to come as the assurance that God's wisdom is guiding me now, and that the past with all its failures and mistakes and sins is after all a part of God's world, over which He rules and from which He is able to bring good even out of the evil. Only with such assurance is it possible for a human soul to go forward confidently, freely, buoyantly, knowing that the God who makes the wrath of man to praise Him can overrule

the mistakes of the past for the attainment of His own good purpose and make all experiences co-operate for our best development and our highest achievement. Only he who thus is conscious of God's nearness can go forward with full impetus and assurance that the future has only good for him in store.

And this, my friends, is the truth which all of us need, whether we be at the beginning of life like these young friends about to take up the duties of life wherever those duties may lie, to lay upon one's shoulders the burdens which must be carried through the years to come, to undertake in co-operation with others of their own generation the great work of saving and sanctifying the world of men, the institutions amidst which they live and the civilization of which they are a part; whether it be at the beginning of life, I say, like these young friends, or in the maturity of our powers with the full heat and burdens of the day upon us; or whether it be towards the close of life, with life's work almost completed, with life's record almost done, its sorrows and its joys intermingled, the bitter with the sweet and the past unable to be recalled, and with little of the future in which to make atonement,—at any stage in human life, we need it for our strength and for our comfort; we need it for our joy and inspiration; we need it for the battles that are yet before us, and for the greater conflicts of the soul within which yet impend.

Oh! my friends, as I bring this message to this class, may I not also bring it to all within the reach of my voice. We who live in this marvelous century, in this wonderful land, as we face the opportunities of our own generation, as we realize that the heritage of the ages is ours and that the future will be what it may become only as we prove ourselves faithful to our trust, may this message not come to us also, that whether there be much or little of life remaining, whether there be waning or increasing strength in body or mind or soul, whether the opportunities be larger or fewer than they have been in the past, that for the time that yet remains, for the work that must yet be done, for the achievements which are yet possible, we hear the call of God, we *heed* the call of

God; and like His servants of old, trust in His strength and co-operate with His providence. Laboring together with our God, may we prove ourselves workmen that need not to be ashamed, serving where God has placed us in the spirit of Him who has said, "Lo! I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

Meeting of Alumnae and Former Students

The alumnae and others assembled in the Adelpgian Society Hall on Monday, the 24th, at which time the annual address was made by Miss Mary DeVane, of Faison, North Carolina, of the class of 1897. Her address on "The Mission of the College Woman to North Carolina" was most excellent and we are pleased to present it to our readers in this issue of our Magazine.

The Mission of the College Woman to North Carolina

MARY FAISON DEVANE

In thinking of what I should say to you today regarding the mission of the college woman to our state, these words of the peerless London preacher, Campbell Morgan, came to my mind:

"On old Spanish coins there may be seen the two pillars of Hercules with the surrounding motto, 'Ne Plus Ultra,' 'No More Beyond.' These coins were issued in the days when Spain was a great, and perhaps the greatest, of the world powers. Possessing both shores of the Mediterranean, and imagining that she possessed all, she stamped her coins with these pillars, and engraved around them this motto.

"But Columbus was born, and the passion of discovery being in him, he found that which lay beyond the pillars of Hercules; and Spain, still leaving these pillars upon her coins, changed the motto that surrounded them by cancelling the negative; so that on coins of later date the words 'Plus Ultra.' 'More Beyond,' are to be found.

"This is a parable of what we are perpetually doing in life, looking forward to some limit, some ending, some goal, plac-

ing there the pillars of Hercules, writing about them the lines 'Ne Plus Ultra,' 'No More Beyond.' "

This was true of the education of woman in the Old South. The goal of her education was fitting her for society and the home. This was all that the life of her time required, and lovely were the women reared under this system of education.

But, we have passed beyond the pillars of Hercules, conditions of life have changed, and we must strive to mean as much to our generation as our mothers did to theirs.

I believe, Madam President, that the transition from the society to the college woman in North Carolina came when in 1892 the State Normal and Industrial College was founded. With all respect to other institutions of learning, this was our first opportunity for a liberal education.

The times had changed and we, the women of North Carolina, were helpless in the face of changed conditions. This beautiful college, so dear to us, is the gift of our state. Not one person, but many have contributed to its greatness. However, let us never forget that its founder was North Carolina's noble champion of womanhood—Dr. Charles D. McIver.

Under the pressure of a strenuous, and too often combative life, he rarely had the time for the smaller courtesies that we are apt to think constitute gallantry, and yet his was the highest type of chivalry. The limitations of the women of North Carolina were always in his thoughts, and it was he who pointed us beyond the pillars of Hercules.

Graduates of the Normal College, if there is anything in being in contact with a noble character to elevate, we ought to be great women. Day after day he pointed out to us the suffering and limitations of our own people, and should we fail in our duty to our state, ours shall be the punishment of her who knew her duty and did it not.

To each of us since leaving college has come some specific work either as teacher, home-maker, or business woman. The greatest number have gone into the educational world. Now, what is our mission to the schools?

Sum up every qualification of the home-maker, add to it the charm and tact of the successful society woman in addi-

tion to the scholarship of the college graduate, and you have the requirements for a woman in the profession of teaching.

You have doubtless been overwhelmed many times as you have looked into the faces of the young people whom you teach by the fact that, as far as you can go, they can follow. Since this is the case, it seems to me that our mission is to place the standard and inspire them to reach it.

In our college life, we have climbed the hills of knowledge, we have viewed the beauties and possibilities of the world and life from a more lofty viewpoint, and it is our privilege to place out the glories of the heights, and lead others forward.

If I have one message more important than another today, it is that the boys and girls of North Carolina are worth your efforts. Among the girls and boys whom I have taught, there have been many nearing manhood and womanhood before they have had the privilege of an eight months school. They did not have the culture gleaned from books that many young people have, but I have rarely failed to find strength and nobility of character. The young people of North Carolina have the qualifications to stand in the high places of the earth, and our time is not lost when we give it to their intellectual development.

Doubtless, many of you have read that inspiring life of Alice Freeman Palmer, written by her husband, Prof. Palmer of Harvard. The daughter of a country physician, she entered college at seventeen; was graduated at twenty-one; principal of a high school at twenty-two; professor of history at Wellesley College; at twenty-six president of Wellesley; married at thirty-two, and dean of the woman's department of the University of Chicago at thirty-seven, and laid down the duties of life at forty-seven. Her life was a continual march forward.

President Eliot said of her, "To my mind, her career is unmatched by that of any American woman. Mrs. Palmer's life and labors are the best example thus far set before American womanhood."

You remember her reply when her husband tried to persuade her to put more of herself into books that her life might

be perpetuated. She said, "I am trying to make girls wiser and happier. Books do not help much toward that. They are entertaining enough, but really, dead things. Why should I make more of them? It is people that count. You want to put yourself into people; they touch other people; these touch others still, and so working forever."

This is the teacher's life. Day in and day out, often when vitality runs low and nervous tension high, we strive to give ourselves to others; to pass on to them the vision as we see it; to point out the beauties along the path of knowledge. Is it worth while? If you have had only one boy or one girl to catch the vision from you, to leave you with an appreciation of the high and noble he knew not before, you know it is worth while.

The mission of the college woman in society is best expressed through the various organizations—the betterment associations, the clubs and the churches. Here we most often find her, and again, at work for humanity. She is founding libraries, caring for the afflicted, and providing for the children.

When the college woman comes into these organizations, she brings superior training which she has received, and with her leadership the results are great for the state. There is no doubt that a noble purpose in life is the main spring of happiness. I thought of it as I looked upon the women representing the Federation of Clubs in Raleigh. Many of them have passed the age when their families require much personal attention, women of wealth who are freed from the drudgery of daily toil in the homes. This is our leisure class. It seems that this leisure class of women, not here, not there, but everywhere, ought to be happy women. Yet, if one will study the women of this class, he is amazed at finding misery and suicide among them. Too often not the working woman, but the society woman, is the prey of misery and crime. If the woman of this leisure class becomes interested in some good work through a club, or otherwise, a life is open to her. She becomes a benefactor to her people. She realizes that her state cannot be without her efforts what it can be with them, and the problem of the interest in life is solved.

In our Federation of Clubs, a woman educationally inclined can work for scholarships in the colleges; those interested in the wayward young can work for the Stonewall Jackson Training School; those interested in household economics, in seeing that the women of our state have instruction in the preparation of foods; those interested in medicine, in measures to forward the health of the state. As long as our clubs are what they are today, let us foster them. It seems to me that the college woman who has no regular work has a mission to society along these lines.

Then there is the mission of our college women as mothers. Roosevelt in speaking before the Congress of Mothers made no mistake when he said, "No piled up wealth, no splendor of material growth, no brilliance of artistic development will permanently avail any people unless its home life is healthy, unless the average man possesses honesty, courage, common sense, and decency, unless he works hard and is willing at need to fight hard; and unless the average woman is a good a good mother."

Great have been the achievements of woman in the world. It seems there has been no field of work where her power has not been felt, and her highest work has been in the home.

The qualifications for woman as home-maker are many. She needs all the gifts and graces to meet her problems there.

We have some beautiful homes in North Carolina. As her prosperity increases, each year finds her with more commodious dwellings, more practical conveniences, more artistic beauty. Yet, I am sure, you will all agree with me when I say that more beautiful than statuary, more ornamental than painting, is the educated mother.

I have noticed closely the educated mother, not only in homes of wealth, but in homes of poverty, and the atmosphere of both homes is the same. That mother imparts to her home and to her children what she is, and the influence is not to be withstood.

The thought has come to me over and over again in a teacher's life, and it must be true in a mother's life, that not

what we say, but what we are has weight. The boy who sees his mother lay aside her daily task and go to the meetings for betterment of public schools, or sees her open her home to the people of her community that they may come together for discussing ways and means to advance the education of her town, has learned more from this than from a series of lectures on our educational duty to the state. For this reason, the broad-minded, college-bred mother makes a better mother. Granted she may leave some of the fancy work of life undone, her children realize in her the essential characteristics of a noble character.

Education does not unfit a woman for the home, it fits her for it. A woman with a systematic college training studies her household questions as she has done her text-books, and order and harmony are to be the outcome.

The thought that comes to our minds is, what is the mission of the college woman as a citizen? The day is happily passed in North Carolina when woman is left out of the citizenship. I should qualify by saying we have assumed its burdens, though its so-called privileges are denied us. No matter our vocation, we are citizens.

People cry out against the woman that neglects her home and devotes herself to public affairs. There is a woman more heartless than this. It is the woman so busy caring for the superfluous needs of her own family and adorning her home that she has no time for the less fortunate around her.

We have no right as citizens to be unconcerned about the matters pertaining to the society around us. It is true that the children of the fortunate are all right, but what about the children of incapable and criminal parents? The woman citizen must concern herself about the school, libraries, hospitals and churches.

Many times have I heard it remarked that the women who have been graduated from this college are worthy citizens. Wherever you are in society, or the professions, you are to be depended upon to help all the causes that help others. It is a waste of time for me to enumerate the causes that need you now. You know them.

The present thought must be the McIver Loan Fund and we must devote ourselves to that until it is accomplished. Our love for Dr. McIver, and our desire to carry out his wishes, our love for our sisters of this state urge us forward. Let us go with the spirit of Sir Launfal—

“Shall never a bed for me be spread,
Nor shall a pillow be under my head,
Till I begin my vow to keep;
Here on the rushes will I sleep,
And, perchance, there may come a vision true
Ere day create the world anew.”

Our opportunity is great. The spirit of progress is abroad in our state. The people in every county are asking for the light. Freely we have received, let us freely give.

The business meeting of the alumnae was a lengthy but interesting one. The articles of incorporation prepared by Mr. R. D. Douglas and filed with the Secretary of State were brought before the Association and accepted. The Association since starting out to raise the McIver Loan Fund decided to become a legal body and to this end Mr. Foust went before the Legislature in February and secured a special act. The Alumnae Association will hereafter be known as the State Normal and Industrial College Alumnae Association, Incorporated. Mr. Foust and Mr. R. D. Douglas were elected as the first honorary members.

Miss Etta Spier's report at the meeting will be of much interest to many. Her work is recognized by those who know as being very efficient, and certainly it has been earnest and full of effort.

First Annual Report of the Field Secretary

May 24th, 1909.

When appointed field secretary of the North Carolina State Normal College Alumnae Association the specific line of work outlined was the raising of the McIver Loan Fund. As the work has developed and our best efforts been put into it, we find that while the loan fund is the objective point, there

are many strong and urgent reasons for organizing the County Alumnae Associations, apart from the raising of the money and the uses that will be made of the same.

Ours is a large and wonderful state, stretching from the mountains to the seashore. Within its borders are all classes and conditions of peoples, but there is one strongly noticeable feature, so little have we been affected by foreign immigration that in all sections we have the same conservative and simple standards and estimates of life.

Most encouraging and remarkable advancements are being made everywhere, and nowhere is this more noticeable than in our own rural sections, where so large a portion of our people live. By recent inventions and devices, the modern conveniences, such as electric lights, water-works, etc., are being used in the modern country home. The good-roads movement, telephone, and rural free delivery system have brought these once isolated farms and farm districts in close and daily communication not only with each other but the outside world. So while the largest part of our alumnae live in the rural districts, it does not follow that organization and co-operation is impossible. If there is one thing more than any other that this winter's work has taught me, it is that the large town or county-seat is not that county! This is true, perhaps, in only one town visited, New Hanover. In New Hanover's case it is almost true that Wilmington is the entire county. Not that Wilmington is so large but the county small, and almost entirely surrounded by water. There is one significant thing for us in this fact—that while oftentimes it is necessary for the larger towns to take the lead in our movement, we cannot hope to succeed without the support and co-operation of the entire county. This bringing together of the people from the towns and rural districts, working together for the same common good, will I believe have a most salubrious effect upon the entire community.

We are working for the uplift and to better the conditions of the womanhood of the state. The particular line we have chosen is to help educate young women, realizing that through universal education alone can the best results be obtained.

and believing with Dr. McIver that "the quickest, easiest and surest road to universal education is to educate the mothers and daughters of the future generations." So we, the loyal daughters, are not only working for our beloved Alma Mater, but are working for that which in the end will mean much for the good of the entire community organized. What agent can and should be of greater force than the trained teacher, who in her daily contact with the children sets the standards and ideals of the next generation?

Working for the McIver Loan Fund will not only give your community another trained teacher, but those alumnae who give time, effort and strength to this work will feel the ennobling influence of assisting others, for as Dr. Eliot so recently said to us, "Service to others is the most durable satisfaction to ourselves."

Through the county organizations we are bound together, four thousand young women in every quarter of North Carolina. What can not such a body accomplish for the good and larger development of our state and college?

Since last September the secretary has visited twenty-three counties, and kept thirty-three appointments in these counties. An Alumnae Association was formed in every county visited except Anson, Richmond, and Scotland Counties. In these places local conditions were such that this could not be done at the time of the secretary's visit. But we feel assured that it was not entirely through indifference of our own number, for this has been proved not so by contributions since received from alumnae in these counties.

Everywhere the secretary has been received with unfailing courtesy not only from the alumnae, but citizens generally, who have shown themselves deeply interested and appreciative of what our movement will be to the educational life of the state. She has been the recipient of very many kindnesses and many thoughtful attentions and takes this occasion to extend heartiest thanks not only in the name of the Alumnae Association, but personally.

The counties organized and the amounts promised in the next two years are: Alamance, \$500; Bladen, \$200; Caswell,

\$200; Chatham, \$200; Columbus, \$500; Cumberland, \$300; Durham, \$1,000; Granville, \$500; Guilford, \$1,000; Harnett, \$100; Johnston, \$200; Lenoir, \$300; New Hanover, \$1,000; Orange, \$200; Person, \$100; Sampson, \$200; Vance, \$400; Wake, \$1,000; Wayne, \$1,000; Wilson, \$500.

The representatives present from those counties still unorganized may ask themselves, how can a few women in each community afford to undertake such responsibilities, as these have done? How have they succeeded, and where has the money come from? It is only possible for an association to undertake some part in this fund when they have a full understanding and appreciation of its worth and the need of such a fund in their own community. Then they not only give freely themselves but interest others to do the same. It is a proposition that interests business men, when they understand that a dollar invested will be used by his own county, and will continue through the years and increase with use.

The raising of this fund in each community is a possible one when you have faith in it, confidence in your people, and co-operation and work by the alumnae themselves.

There are now in the state forty-two counties organized; these have pledged to raise for the McIver Loan Fund \$18,765. Of this amount we hold in notes \$2,261.50, and have received in cash \$1,865.91.

It has not always proved an easy matter to organize our county associations, nor have the results been all we could have most desired, still on the whole have we met with more encouragements than otherwise.

I have already referred to the fact that a large number of us are not in the cities and towns, hence I appeal to you to make an effort to attend your county meetings, even if it is not always convenient to come to these meetings. And you who are in the larger centers of population, exert yourselves, make accommodations for these alumnae if necessary, at least show them that you are eager for their assistance and support. To accomplish what we have set ourselves to do it is imperative that the entire county give its best support. We have undertaken a work which will mean much, yes, very

much to the womanhood of North Carolina. It was our beloved founder, Dr. McIver, who convinced the people of the state that the teacher ought to be trained for her work, and that the state was responsible for the higher education of its women. The establishment and maintenance of this college stands as a proof of this. Now we, his disciples, will show this state that we have learned his lesson, Service to the State and to Each Other. This is the thought of our work, and to encourage young women to have faith in themselves and to invest in their own future. With this high purpose to actuate us and on such a plane as this the McIver Loan Fund can, must and will succeed.

At this meeting the following resolutions were introduced by the class of 1909:

Whereas, The dormitory capacity of the State Normal and Industrial College is wholly inadequate and, as a result, many worthy, ambitious young women who desire entrance each year are denied the privilege of attending the college; and, whereas, we believe that if the citizens of North Carolina understood the real condition at the college they would freely and gladly furnish whatever means are necessary to supply this deficiency and all other needs of the institution;

Therefore, be it resolved, That we, the members of the class of 1909, earnestly urge all alumnae of the State Normal and Industrial College to take steps by organized effort to put these pressing needs before the citizens of the state, who by virtue of ownership have the right to know the conditions in their own institution.

Be it resolved, further, that we suggest that this work be undertaken seriously and systematically by the various county associations to the end that the citizens of North Carolina may be thoroughly informed of the needs of their institution.

The election of officers resulted in Miss Mary Taylor Moore's being made president and Miss Nettie B. Allen, vice-president. A board of trustees consisting of nine members was also elected.

After the meeting the alumnae and a few guests were invited to the dining-room where a five course luncheon was served by the Juniors. Dr. Sigmund, of New York, was present and asked the blessing. The college flower, the white daisy, figured extensively in the decorations. The tables were arranged in an open rectangle surrounding a pyramid of palms and ferns. The college colors, yellow and white, were also effectively carried out in the menu.

There was a called meeting of the Association at luncheon, when the following expression of thanks was authorized to be drawn up and the editors of this Magazine were asked to publish it:

To the President, Faculty, the Cornelian and Adelpian Literary Societies:

The Alumnae Association wishes to express to you the earnest appreciation of your efforts which resulted in the signal success of this the first reunion of the two societies.

We desire to thank you for the cordial invitation extended, hearty welcome given and for the deep personal interest manifested toward each one.

Among the delightful features of the occasion was the charming and unique arrangement of the Curry Building which gave us a restful home while at the college and afforded us opportunity for pleasant social intercourse. The banquets were beautifully planned and executed and thoroughly enjoyed by every one present.

To the Junior Class we tender our sincere thanks and warmest appreciation of the efficient service rendered by them at the alumnae luncheon.

As loyal daughters of the college we pledge anew our interest, our love and our hearty support.

EMILY SEMPLE AUSTIN, *Chairman*,
MRS. J. A. BROWN,
NETTIE BROGDEN,

Committee.

Class Day Exercises

At five o'clock Monday afternoon a large audience was present in the auditorium of the Students' Building, where the stage with a background of white was arranged for Class Day exercises. In an alcove to the left of the stage, almost hidden by a pyramid of palms and ferns, the college orchestra played several selections before the entrance of the student body. The Juniors marched down the aisle carrying a daisy chain for the Seniors. After the graduating class had taken their places on the stage, Mary Mitchell, president of the class, made a short address of welcome and then introduced the class historian, Jean Booth. The joys and sorrows, hardships and victories of the class were entertainingly given. A loving tribute to the memory of Dr. McIver, who passed away during the freshman year of the class, and a few words of appreciation and sincere praise for Mr. Foust, supplemented this history. Kate Jeffreys, as class prophet, gave a graphic and most enjoyable description of a class reunion thirty years hence, and she closed her prophecy by presenting an "album," the pictures of which were some of the college girls posing as the different members of the class at that reunion.

After the singing of the class song, "To Alma Mater," the audience retired to the front campus where the exercises were to be continued. The student body marched in double file across the lawns and formed in four lines outside the triangle marked off around the class tree. From the other side of the campus marched the Seniors in single file carrying daisy chains across their shoulders. They laid the flowers around the tree and then sang their "Tree Song." The reading of "The Last Will and Testament" by Edna Duke, the burning of the class records, and the recital of the class poem by Florence Landis followed in succession. Then Superintendent J. Y. Joyner, as president of the Board of Directors of the College, accepted the pavilion presented by the class of 1909. These were his words:

Young Ladies of the Class of 1909:

As president of the Board of Directors, I accept this gift to your Alma Mater as a last tribute of your love and loyalty to her.

I congratulate you upon the beauty, the value and the appropriateness of your gift. Like an altar consecrated by the love of those who gave it, this beautiful pavilion shall stand here in the green-wood through the years, sending its continuous call to tired students to come forth under the open sky and list to Nature's teachings, to drink deep draughts of her ambrosial air, to feast their eyes upon the splendor of her shifting panorama, to delight their ears with the music of her myriad voices, to fill their souls with her sweet peace.

What a place for weary bodies to be refreshed, for tired minds to be revived, for sore-spent souls to rest! "With outstretched arms, the Druid Wood waits with its benediction." From this altar may be seen the daily bridal of the earth and sky, and heaven lies about us here. We can hear life murmur and see it glisten. "We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing that skies are clear and grass is growing," that birds are singing and flowers are blowing. Amid such scenes and soothing sounds, may eyes forget the tears they have shed, hearts forget their sorrow and ache, and all the cares that infest the day fold their tents and steal away.

With all my heart, young women, I thank you for erecting in this place this Altar of Peace for those that shall come after you.

In the meantime clouds had gathered overhead, and the farewell song was sung to the time beat of a May shower. Afterwards every one ran for a shelter. Some who stood off and witnessed this unplanned part of the program, the hurrying in every direction of so many girls dressed in white, said it was the most beautiful part.

Tree Song (Class of 1909)

(Tune of "Katie Wells")

No mirth is in our hearts today
As from our college life we part;
The thoughts of its bright, happy days
Bring sadness to the bravest heart.
Each spot of all this college dear
Holds some fond memory of the past,
But dearest associations cling
To this tree, the emblem of our class.

CHORUS

Once more around this tree we're meeting
Before we leave our college dear.
We come for one farewell greeting
To show the love for thee we bear.

This tree, at first a tiny twig,
As symbol of our class has shown
How each year our loyalty and love
For our college and our class has grown.
Oh! that its growth in after years
Into a strong and sturdy tree,
As in our happy college days,
Still emblem of our class may be.

Farewell Song

Dear classmates, we'll be loyal
 Ever to white and blue,
And to our dear old College
 Our hearts will e'er be true;
Our thoughts will linger 'round here,
 Our love for thee will grow,
For Alma Mater, we are thine—
 The Class of Nineteen Nine.

The shadows now are stealing
 As sadly we take leave,
The mem'ries, never fading,
 Will cause our hearts to grieve;
We'll strive to live our motto,
 Let "Carpe Diem" guide,
And then through service we will prove
 The strength of college ties.

Then farewell, Alma Mater,
 'Tis time for us to go;
But we will always cherish
 This place that we love so;
Our college days are over
 And now our ways must part,
But still united we will be
 And ever one in heart.

Reading of Essays

One of the most interesting features of our commencement is the reading of the representative essays of the graduating class. This took place on Monday evening, as usual. For a number of years Dr. W. T. Whitsett has offered a prize to the Senior whose essay is considered the best among those of her classmates. A committee consisting of three members of the faculty select the ten best essays. The essayists then read in the presence of the whole faculty who choose the six best to be read at commencement, at which time three judges decide upon the best one of the six. The judges this year were Miss Mary DeVane, N. L. Eure, and Prof. A. T. Allen, of Graham. The deserving and fortunate young woman was Miss Linda Lowe Shuford, to whom the prize was awarded. This year it was a complete set of Edgar Allan Poe's works.

The following is a copy of the program for the evening:

Representative Essays

Music by College Orchestra.

Edgar Allan Poe.....Hal Morrison, Iredell County

The Twentieth Century Orphanage

Linda Lowe Shuford, Catawba County

Baracolle, Contes d'Hoffmann (Offenbach)—Choral Club.

Mother Sketches from Literature

Evelyn Haynes Gudger, Madison County

A New Field of Literature...Florence Pugh Landis, Granville County

Good Night, Beloved (Pinsuti)—Choral Club.

The Value of Physical Training for the College Woman

Clara Edith Sloan, Gaston County

The Public School System of Greensboro

Nettie Idella Dixon, Guilford County

Turkish March (Michaelis)—College Orchestra.

Class Song—Class of 1909.

Class of 1909 — Essays and Degrees

Jean Booth, Bachelor of Science, Granville County—In Memoriam.

Bessie Lucille Cauble, Bachelor of Science, Buncombe County—
Beautifying the Home.

Okla Dees, Bachelor of Pedagogy, Pamlico County—The Jew as
Portrayed in English Literature.

Nettie Idella Dixon, Bachelor of Pedagogy, Guilford County—The
Public School System of Greensboro.

Edna Hardecastle Duke, Bachelor of Science, Richmond County—Industrial Education.

Evelyn Hanes Gudger, Bachelor of Science, Madison County—Mother Sketches from Literature.

Cora Hart, Bachelor of Pedagogy, Rowan County—Landscape Gardening as an Occupation for Women.

Paulina Hassell, Bachelor of Pedagogy, Chowan County—Natural Scenery.

Kate Jeffreys, Bachelor of Science, Wayne County—The Modern Farmer.

Flieda Johnson, Bachelor of Science, Guilford County—Uncle Remus.

Florence Pugh Landis, Bachelor of Pedagogy, Granville County—A New Field of Literature.

Lola Jeanette Lasley, Bachelor of Science, Alamance County—The Power and Pathos of Some Famous Songs.

Mary Baldwin Mitchell, Bachelor of Arts, New Hanover County—The Passing of the Gentle Art of Letter Writing.

Hal Morrison, Bachelor of Science, Iredell County—Edgar Allan Poe.

Velna Pope, Bachelor of Pedagogy, Northampton County—What North Carolina is Doing for Her Farmers.

Linda Lowe Shuford, Bachelor of Science, Catawba County—The Twentieth Century Orphanage.

Clara Edith Sloan, Bachelor of Pedagogy, Gaston County—The Value of Physical Education for the College Woman.

Jessie Gowan Smoak, Bachelor of Pedagogy, Wilkes County—Things that Have Never Been Done.

Claude Llewellyn Umstead, Bachelor of Pedagogy, Durham County—The Twentieth Century Woman.

The Twentieth Century Orphanage

LINDA LOWE SHUFORD, '09

This is essentially the age of the child. The child laborer, the little criminal, the child of the slums, the defective child, the dependent child, and the healthy, every-day child—each has received a large share of attention in this twentieth century. Recently, our attention has been especially directed toward the care of the dependent child. There are many different agencies planning and making provision for his welfare. Of these, two are of especial importance: the Children's Home Society, representing the idea of finding a suitable home for the child; and the orphanage or asylum, embodying the idea of the home, the school and the church. Lately, there has

been a strong sentiment in favor of the home-placing societies in preference to the orphanage. A thoughtful and conservative view of the situation will show that there is need for both lines of work. Each has a wide mission and a mission peculiarly its own. There are children for whom there would be no difficulty in finding homes. The better born children of respectable parentage, the fair and comely child, the infant and the very small child—these as a rule can be easily placed. “But what will become of the child that nobody will take—the child that is born of godless parents and that heredity has put at a disadvantage—the child that is advanced in years and has fallen into evil habits—the dull and backward child?” What will become, too, of the thousands of half orphans whose fathers are dead, whose mothers are overburdened widows, and who often present to us cases of greatest destitution and need? Not for one class of the little motherless ones, but for all, the institution provides a home and with a quiet, patient faithfulness, strives to develop character and accustom the children to those virtues that make for sturdy manhood and womanhood, for success and happiness in life.

Like all great works the orphanage has grown from a crude beginning to its present state of efficiency. High ideals, industry, orderliness, wholesome recreation, industrial as well as mental training, and above all, the preservation of the home atmosphere and spirit—these are conspicuous features of the orphanage of the present day. It is the institution at this period of its growth—the twentieth century state—marking, as it does, the nearest approach to ideal family life, that is considered in this paper.

The most characteristic and important, indeed, one might say the fundamental feature of the present day orphanage is the change from congregate housing to the cottage plan, for no feature in the development of the institution has been more potent in arousing and cultivating the genuine home atmosphere. This system, in the physical, mental, industrial, and moral training of the child, approximates closely that given in the ideal home. In an institution where hundreds of children

are cared for on the congregate plan it must be that the individual development afforded each can be but meagre. It was with this conviction that there was evolved the cottage plan to give the children room for larger growth. They are separated into groups to live each with a matron who directs the cottage and has a motherly supervision over the little ones under her charge. Usually, each cottage has its own kitchen, its own garden, its own chickens, its own dog and cat and sometimes its own baby. Around each centers real human experience and human emotion. The little residents feel that they belong there, and there are "anchors of love and pride and hope going down deep in the soil of human relationship." Every phase of the child's life is thus made more natural and home-like.

Under the old congregate system there was so much work for the matron to do that she could provide only for the child's bare necessities. How hungry the little hearts must have been! Under the present system, however, every effort is being made to have the cottages so sanitary and convenient that the matron will have more time to spend in keeping the faces of the children bright and their little hearts happy. In one of the orphanages in our own state, the beds in one of the small children's cottages have straw mattresses and the superintendent is now planning to have felt ones. Not that the straw ones are not soft and comfortable to the wee, tired bodies as they snuggle down into the depths at bedtime. But every morning the mattresses must be stirred up and too much time is thus spent that might be given to the direct care of the little folks.

This division of the children into groups has made it possible for those in charge to give closer and more personal attention to the physical welfare of the child. The little lady with the hacking cough is carried at once to the sun parlors of the model infirmary. Here her cot is placed and with nourishing food, pure air, and sunshine the frail body becomes strong and sturdy. John, the pet of one of the institutions now, was on his arrival there a serious problem. He was sulen and stubborn, dull and slow. But the matron carefully

watched and studied him and soon she saw that there must be some physical cause for his unhealthy disposition. He was examined by the physician and adenoid growths were found that had made him almost deaf. When these were removed, John was a different boy and the present cheerful, lovable child is the result. In each cottage there is a small medicine chest to which the matron holds the key. Here are the standard remedies for the bumps, bruises, and cuts that are the portion of every wide-awake youngster.

The cottage plan promotes not only the child's physical welfare, but his mental training as well. When the winter's supply of fuel is bought, the cost of "our coal" is figured out as an arithmetic lesson. If turkeys are high in price, the children, having estimated the amount saved, agree that chickens will answer nicely for the Thanksgiving dinner. Does Freddie White fall on the ice and break his arm? There are X-ray photographs made of the fracture, and the cottage children study and remember the location of the ulnar bone because Freddie White broke it. The robins find a nesting-place in the cherry trees outside some cottage window and all summer an eager group of naturalists study bird habits. Tommy, the bright boy of cottage A, will put forth every effort to maintain a high standard in his school work, because he knows that all the boys of the house have bragged that he'll stand higher in arithmetic than Willie Jones, in cottage C.

The problem of the child's moral training as well as that of his physical and mental, has been solved by the cottage plan. This system provides abundantly for the child's occupation and where this is true, punishment has a small place. The occupation may be either work or play, but in either case there is furnished an outlet for surplus energy. Then too, the child of the cottage has a feeling of ownership, of responsibility that the child of the congregate system does not feel—and responsibility lies at the very foundation of morality. In an institution employing the cottage system, one of the boys had, in a spirit of vandalism, made a long scratch through the paint of the newly decorated walls of the bedroom. The other boys of the cottage immediately haled him to the office for a

“good licking.” But the youthful jury was informed that there was no close relation between the scratch on the wall and a good licking. They must try again, they were told, and submit their decision the next day. This time it was more rational—the offender must sleep in the attic and go to bed in the dark until they thought it safe and proper for him to return to the bedroom. He was kept sleeping in the attic for about six weeks with two noticeable results—the correction of the boy and a great uplift of cottage spirit and of respect for nicely kept walls and furniture. In the same institution, Mary Smith was an incorrigible girl of fourteen. All her tasks she performed but fitfully. One day there arrived at the orphanage a chubby, dimpled little fellow only a few years old. When he was brought into one of the cottages and saw no face that he knew, his blue eyes grew bigger and bigger and his mouth was puckered up ready for a cry. Here was a task that won Mary’s heart and afterwards her earnest devotion. Her harsh, strident voice took on a softer note as with dreamy lullabies she tenderly hushed “my baby.”

In no feature of the cottage system does the child’s daily experience enter more fully into his training than in the kitchen. No amount of instruction by a teacher of domestic science in the institution school can rank in value with the thorough training in preparing, cooking, and serving the regular meals from the individual kitchen. In addition to the training it gives, the cottage kitchen does away with much of the monotony of the prescribed daily menu, and enables the children to have many of those little extras that form so large a part of the small child’s pleasures. One ceases to hear conversations like the following:

“After they had tucked themselves in bed, a voice very near me, and which I recognized as Julia’s, whispered, ‘May, are you asleep?’

“‘No,’ muttered May.

“‘Say, is tomorrow bean or molasses day?’

“‘Bean,’ replied May, and then all was silent in the dormitory.”

But the kitchen does far more than simply provide for the boys and girls a training school and a varied menu. It is one of the most important factors of the orphanage for the awakening and development of home love and home attachment. Every man or woman reared in the earlier homes of this country, retains through all succeeding years sweet memories of the dear old kitchen. How we looked forward to dinner or supper when a course of especial interest to us was to be served or when we had assisted in the preparation of it! One of the most delightful descriptive touches from the pen of Dickens is the description of the Cratchit's Christmas dinner in the preparation of which all the Cratchits from the oldest to the youngest had had a share.

"Bob compounded some hot mixture in a jug with gin and lemons, and stirred it round and round and put it on the stove to simmer. Master Peter and the ubiquitous young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and mounting guard over their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped. At last the dishes were on and grace was said

"There never was such a goose! Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness were themes of universal admiration."

Verily childhood is the period of keen tastes and appetites. A restaurant dinner served from a central kitchen may do for business men and busy women, but the early home of childhood is seriously incomplete without the kindling wood and kitchen stove, the singing kettle, the pantry and the cooky jar.

Among the characteristics of the twentieth century orphanage, one of the foremost is that of wholesome recreation. The cottage system provides for this far more abundantly than the congregate plan could do. In each of the cottages for

the smaller children there is a play room or nursery. Here, on the cold winter days they may come with their toys and romp and tumble to their heart's content. Often the inmates of one cottage entertain those of another. There is a program of songs, recitations, games, and last and best of all some slight refreshment—all planned by the young hosts and hostesses. In the winter these little gatherings must necessarily take place in the cottage, but in warm weather they are held on the lawn in picnic fashion.

With the coming of spring one may see groups of children industriously digging in the cottage yards. Under the matron's supervision, they plan the flower beds, plant the seeds, and cultivate the flowers. When the flowers are in bloom, the little folks are free to gather just as many as they wish. In addition to this, each child is allowed a small plot of ground to plant according to his own sweet will. How proudly he comes flying into the cottage with the first wee bloom clasped tight in his moist, chubby fist! What a hero in the eyes of his fellow-gardeners is he who brings to the cottage table the first red radish from his own miniature truck farm!

Thus the orphanage of today, with its improved system, its thorough training, and its lofty ideals, not only makes life happier, freer, and more homelike for the child while he remains within its walls, but it sends him out into the world equipped with a conscious power, a sturdy self-reliance and independence, and with those high ideals and standards of living which he will some day strive to realize in a home of his own.

President Foust's Report of Work for Year 1908-1909

It is extremely difficult to give an accurate summary of the work accomplished in the life of a college during any one year. The forces which enter into the building up and development of an educational institution are quiet and often not easily perceptible. This occasion, however, marks the ending of another successful year in the life of this college. We have become so accustomed to hearing the heads of our educational

institutions say that the past session is the best they have experienced that the statement rarely makes any impression upon us. And yet it can truthfully be said that the past year has been in many respects the most satisfactory one since I became president of the institution.

The college has lived a sufficient length of time for some things to become settled both in its own life and in the relation it bears to the citizens of the state. It was not many years ago when the liberal maintenance of a strong college for the education of the state's women was in an experimental stage. That time has, however, passed. The institution has become so firmly rooted in the life of the people and so interwoven with their very thoughts that the wisdom of its promoters can not again be questioned, and its liberal support will at some time be regarded as a manifestation of the highest statesmanship. While I am thoroughly persuaded that these things are true, I am also of the opinion that we have not entered into the field of its largest service to the state and that the future will see its greatest growth.

We have recently passed through the usual biennial legislative experience. While it is always some gain for those of us who are responsible for the guidance of the affairs of the college to come into contact with the representatives of the people, there are some more pleasant experiences than this period of uncertainty. It was our hope that the legislative body of the state would in its wisdom put the institution upon a most liberal basis so far as appropriations were concerned and that it would be possible for it to develop much more rapidly during the next two years. While this was not accomplished, a slight increase was secured. The annual appropriation was made \$75,000 instead of \$70,000, the amount heretofore received, and \$52,000 was appropriated for the enlargement and better equipment of the plant.

Only those who carry the responsibility can fully understand how discouraging it often becomes when it appears impossible for the state to meet in appropriations the demands that are being made upon its educational institutions. The last legislature was asked to make our annual appropriation

\$100,000 and to give us \$50,000 each year for the enlargement and better equipment of the college. This seemed the very smallest amount with which it would be possible to begin a period of expansion that would be somewhat commensurate with the rapid growth and development of the state. It becomes necessary each year to refuse admission to many students who are anxious to render an important service to the state as teachers if they could in any way receive the proper training. A great state cannot afford to continue this policy indefinitely without seriously suffering in its own development.

There have been enrolled in the various departments of the college during the past year 602 students and in the training school 377 children have received instruction. The total number therefore taught during the session just closing is 979. The largest number of regular students enrolled in any previous year was 553; consequently the enrollment of this session is 49 more than during any other session since the college was established. These 602 students have matriculated from eighty-eight of the ninety-eight counties of the state. It may be of interest to give the names of those counties which have had the largest number of students enrolled. Omitting Guilford, Lenoir County with 21 students has had the largest representation of any county in the state. Rowan comes second with a representation of 19; Randolph third with 18; Wayne fourth with 17; and Cleveland and Edgecombe fifth with 15 students each. It is rather striking in this connection to notice that only one of these counties is near Guilford, the home county of the college. I refer to this fact to show how thoroughly the institution is reaching every section of North Carolina.

While it is not possible to give in detail all that has been accomplished during the past year, the following facts seem worthy of notice:

1. *The Erection of the Central Section of the McIver Memorial Building.* From the standpoint of material development the past year will possibly be notable in the history of the institution on account of the erection and occupancy of

one unit of the McIver Memorial Building. While we regret that the amount of money available would not permit the completion of the building in its entirety, the part we were able to occupy has made the work during the past year much more satisfactory and effective. In the section finished there are located laboratories for the Departments of Physics, Chemistry, Biology and Domestic Science, and, in addition to these, nine well-equipped class rooms. For the first time every member of the faculty has enjoyed the convenience and satisfaction of the exclusive use of a class room. It would simply have been impossible to teach properly the large number of students who have matriculated this year without this enlargement of our equipment. When the two wings are added in accordance with the plans originally prepared by the architects this will possibly be the most imposing and substantial structure on the campus.

2. *Physical Training.* Possibly no one thing has been done within recent years which will mean more to the general welfare of the students than the organization of a thoroughly up-to-date physical culture department. The health during the past year has been remarkably good and this is in part due, I am persuaded, to the work of this department. We are hampered by the lack of a well-equipped gymnasium, but even without this good results have been obtained. If there is in North Carolina a philanthropic man or woman who has the means, I am confident that no more profitable field of investment could present itself than the erection of a gymnasium at this place. It would be a perpetual benediction to every student who attends.

3. *McIver Loan Fund.* Under a resolution passed by the Alumnae Association the Executive Committee employed Miss Etta Spier as field secretary for the purpose of raising the McIver Loan Fund. The Association has undertaken this work with deep interest and enthusiasm and I am informed by Miss Spier that nearly \$20,000 has been pledged by the different county associations that she has visited during the past year. This fund will not only be of great service to the college but it

will enable many young women of limited means to receive the advantages of a college education and thus become strong forces in the development of the state by teaching the children.

4. It is, I am sure, not out of place at this time to call attention to the better preparation of the students who enter from the preparatory and high schools, both public and private. Only a few years ago the college did not have an accredited list of high schools and all students were required to stand examinations for classification. There are, however, at this time 43 schools whose students enter the Freshman Class without examination. In fact, 82 entered in this manner at the beginning of the past session. This is simply an index to the general educational awakening in our state and for that reason is most gratifying to every North Carolinian.

5. *The Demand for Admission to the College.* On the 15th of last July, just two months before the beginning of the session, every available room in our dormitories had been applied for. We rented two large dwelling houses adjoining the campus, but even after this had been done we found it necessary to refuse admission to a number of good students who were anxious to receive the advantages offered here. I refer to this fact to emphasize what has already been said about the urgent need for enlarged dormitory capacity. I hope the time is not far distant when the state will make it possible for every young woman with character and ability who desires to prepare herself for service to receive the advantages offered at this college.

Mr. Foust's Message to the Class of 1909

Young Ladies of the Class of 1909:

As president of the college, representing the Board of Directors and the faculty, it becomes my very pleasant duty to express our commendation of the faithful work you have done during the past four years. It is our hope that you have gained a sufficient amount of power while students at this

institution to carry you successfully through the trials and difficulties that you will meet in the busy, work-a-day world.

Your class occupies a unique position in the history of this institution. It is the first class of full-fledged Bachelors that the college has sent forth. You are the first to undertake and to conquer the more difficult course of instruction which was inaugurated by the faculty four years ago and which, when completed, leads to the usual college degree.

As an indication of the cohesive and attractive forces of your class I need only mention the fact that you have the same number today that you had four years ago when you as Freshmen started toward the goal of graduation. This condition is very unusual. The ordinary sight when a class reaches its commencement day is to find its ranks greatly thinned. Many for one cause or another have fallen by the wayside. While your class is a small one comparatively, it, however, so far as numbers are concerned, presents the same unbroken front that it did four years ago.

This institution has attempted to give you an all-round culture and development. I believe, however, that it can truthfully be said that it has striven to do two things for you in particular, and I simply wish to leave these two thoughts with you in presenting to you your diplomas. It has, in the first place, endeavored to give you a high ideal of life. It has taught you to look upward instead of downward. I am of the opinion that a large per cent of the failures in life are due to the fact that people fail to have high, definite aims. Your college has therefore been especially anxious to send you forth into the world with lofty purposes, believing that no other accomplishment that it might give you will mean so much to your happiness and success.

The other thought that I wish to leave with you is that your college would have you to transform these ideals into unselfish service. Noble purposes do not accomplish much in this world unless these purposes are wrought out in life, and, hence, this institution has always striven to develop on the part of its students a spirit of service. North Carolina has given you this broader outlook, has given you your training,

has given you your power, that you may carry it back to your homes and make the lives of the people with whom you come in contact a little happier, a little more significant, a little more vital because you have touched those lives.

It is my hope, therefore, that you may go forth into the world and may always maintain a lofty purpose of life and of living and that you may render some service at least to the people of your state. It is in this spirit that I present to you your diplomas of graduation.

To Alma Mater

('09 Class Song)

Alma Mater, we now hail thee with loving praise,
 Thy power and thy strength we declare;
 For the Gold and the White let us our voices raise,
 Oh, dear Alma Mater so fair.
 Oh, dear Alma Mater, of thee now we sing,
 And forever loyal we'll be;
 Thy honor to us shall ever be dear,
 Oh, college without a peer.

Thy flower, the daisy, turns e'er to the light:
 Thus would we turn to thee;
 Oh, Normal, the emblem of truth and of right
 Is truly embodied in thee.
 To thee, Alma Mater, so noble and strong,
 With loyal hearts we raise our song,
 Swelling to the heavens our praises shall ring.
 Hail! Normal, of thee we will sing.

Oh, Alma Mater, from thy halls at last
 Reluctant we must go;
 Our merry college life is now past;
 No more of thy scenes will we know;
 But thy spirit of wisdom, justice and truth,
 A nobler life inspires.
 And blends the ambitions and hopes of our youth
 With higher and purer desires.

Our college, now 'tis of thee we sing
 At this time when we must say farewell,
 And fondly to thee we always will cling,
 And our loving tribute we'll bring.
 Oh, dear Alma Mater, long may you stand,
 Greatly honored throughout all the land.
 In the Gold and the White every heart shall delight,
 Oh, Normal College so grand.

Class Prayer 1909

'Tis eventide—the sun is set,
 Our college duties ended now,
 A still hush falls on scenes we love,
 And sad the hearts that soon depart.
 When out upon life's rugged way,
 Where often will the path be dark,
 We turn to Thee, our Heavenly Father,
 To lead our weary wandering steps;
 To guide us thro' the dreadful shade,
 We pray Thee, guard and watch o'er us;
 Our Keeper, give us strength and power.
 Renew our wills from day to day
 To aid us in our service here.
 Instil Thy word into our minds;
 And give us true and faithful hearts,
 That, when the tired hands have failed
 And when our task on earth is done,
 On that last day of perfect light,
 Our band united, will find peace.
 Assured Thy love will far o'erpay
 The hardest labors of the road,
 We'll breathe the prayer divinely taught,
 "Thy will be done."

The Jew as Portrayed in English Literature

Many pictures of the Jew have been given us in drama, fiction, and in poetry, for the Jew is the romantic element of history, having been peculiarly interesting throughout all generations, and more or less a central figure wherever he has dwelt. All non-Jewish authors, however, with a few important exceptions, have been hostile and unsympathetic in the presentation of their Hebrew neighbor. The earlier writers, when the church was in greater power, were especially so.

In reviewing chronologically the best known characters within our subject's range, we naturally think first of Marlowe's "Jew of Malta." There were frequent allusions to the Jew in English literature previous to this time, nearly all of which were unfavorable; for instance, the early ballads and Chaucer's blood-curdling "Prioress's Tale." Of all the Jewish characters we find in literature, Barabas of Marlowe's play is the worst. His only semblance of virtue is his paternal love for his daughter. He is characterized as the lowest and vilest of creatures, a fiend incarnate. First of all he is an avaricious usurer. He is the product of fawning hypocrisy, hard-heartedness, cruelty, revenge! What a terrible and shocking description he gives us of himself in that passage where he says he spends his time in killing sick people, poisoning wells, and cherishing Christian thieves! When he studied medicine he practiced upon the Italians, enriching the priests with burials, and giving the sexton constant employment in digging graves and ringing dead men's knells. He causes two innocent young men to kill each other; poisons a whole nunnery, including his daughter; kills friars; betrays his city into the hands of the Turks, and then invents horrible machines with which to slaughter them. What a monster of crime! How unlike the real Jew of that day and of this! In reading statistics and official reports one can but be impressed with the fact that Jewish criminals are greatly in the minority, and most of these are held for

petty offenses. Very seldom does a Jew commit an atrocious crime. No other nation is so law-abiding. We wonder why a genius like Marlowe, possessing so keen a mind, biased by no fanatical or enthusiastic denominationalism, would paint such a false picture of the Jew. The caricature is most probably the result of ignorance rather than of malice. When Marlowe wrote, the Jews had been banished from England nearly three hundred years; and although it is now historically certain that a few Jews lived in London during that time, they found safety only in hiding their identity. Thus what could Marlowe, Shakespeare, or any one else in the land of Elizabeth know of them?

A vast improvement on this "intolerable demon" of Marlowe's was made when Shakespeare produced Shylock. Shakespeare and Marlowe were contemporaries, but Barabas and Shylock bear each other little resemblance. Both are usurers, both have a daughter in love with a Christian, and both yearn for revenge. But beyond this point the characters are merely contrasts. Barabas is inhuman, Shylock, human; Barabas is unnatural, Shylock, natural. For a long time Shylock was interpreted in the worst light, and, thus, much harm was done to his race. He was looked upon as merely a ridiculous picture of a hated and hateful Jew. Some critics now believe that Shylock was not meant to be an attack upon, but a defense of, the Jew. Indeed, Sir Henry Irving, the English actor, so interpreted that character. The presentation of the play in which Shylock is so important no longer arouses passions of prejudice and hatred. Its possibility of producing evil has passed, for the spirit which has interpreted it for evil no longer exists.

However, the popular feeling toward the Jews was still hostile when Sheridan wrote his "Duema." *He* might have learned the truth about the Jew, for Menassah Ben Israel had obtained legal re-admission for his people long before this time; but it seems that Sheridan preferred to accept the general opinion. He was the mouthpiece of the masses, merely giving dramatic expression to their sentiment. Hence his Mendoza is a usurer, a trickster, a schemer. He is rather a light

than a heavy villain, but he is still a villain. He is held up to ridicule, is laughed at, is frowned upon. He has not the redeeming qualities that Shylock possesses. He is by no means a strong character.—Neither is Mr. Moses, in “The School for Scandal.” In fact he is a much weaker one.

More interesting than either of these is Sheva in Cumberland’s play called “The Jew,” appearing nineteen years later. Here for the first time we have a Jew portrayed in a good light. He is one of those heroes of humanity, who does his work well because he must, seeking no other applause than that of an approving conscience. No matter how much he is reviled, abused, mocked, scorned, Sheva is never kept from acts of benevolence. What a world of difference there is between this character and that of the revengeful Shylock! The dominant virtue in Sheva’s life is charity. Herein was he a true Jew, for that seems to be a chief element in Jewish character. The well-to-do Jew is always mindful of his unfortunate neighbor. And it is to their credit that the Jews never allow their poor to become a burden upon the Gentiles. Nor does Jewish charity rest at home alone; they are always generous to the nations among whom they live. Kind as Sheva is, he is still a money lender. We observe that all the characters thus far mentioned have followed the same occupation. Sheva is as good as Barabas is villainous, and is, therefore, little more representative. Today Cumberland is little known, and his Sheva is less so. It seems that the worst Jewish characters in fiction are the best remembered, and the best the most easily forgot. In Cumberland’s time wherever the Jew lived, except in America, he was still denied both political and religious privileges. In view of such wrong, a man with a just conscience could not but give a liberal portrayal of the Jew.

Nor was Cumberland alone in his estimate of Israel. Joseph Addison looked with liberal eye upon the then hated race. He speaks of the Jew in commerce, but he speaks intelligently. One quotation alone is necessary to show his attitude: “Jews are like pegs and nails in a great building, which, though they are but little valued in themselves, are absolutely necessary to keep the whole frame together.”

The next writer of particular interest to us is Scott. His defense of the Jew,—for despite Isaac that is what “Ivanhoe” stands for,—must have exerted a tremendous influence in changing the popular estimate of the Hebrew race. Isaac has been called a “milder Shylock,” and, indeed, he very much resembles that character. Isaac has his faults, it is true, but “the love of his widowed heart for Rebecca is beautiful.” In this respect he is very true to life. However dark a Jewish character may be drawn, all authors take into account one virtue, that of affection. The Jew is much of a lover. Such stories as that of Jacob serving for Rachael, and accounting his seven years as but a few days for the love he bore her, are always beautiful.

Rebecca, whom Thackeray called “the sweetest character in the whole range of fiction,”—she, who represents an ideal conception of a Jewess, will live as long as the English language shall endure. The position of some of the Jews is told us by Rebecca in the speech with which she makes reply to the taunt that her people are degraded, loving money more than country: “Thou hast spoken the Jew as the persecution of such as thou hast made him. Industry has opened to him the only road to power and influence which oppression has left unbarred. Read the ancient history of the people of God, and tell me if those by whom Jehovah wrought such marvels among the nations were then a people of misers and usurers.” How truly she spoke, for persecution is just the reason there are so many clothiers, jewelers, brokers, and bankers among the Jews today. The Hebrews were once shepherds and farmers, but when they knew not at what hour they would be oppressed, they necessarily had to have their wealth in portable merchandise. Rebecca continues: “And know, proud knight, we number names among us to which your boasted northern nobility is as the gourd compared with the cedar. Such were the princes of Judah. And there are among them now those who shame not such high descent, and such shall be the daughter of Isaac.” Take her away from her romantic surroundings and Rebecca, as herself, stands as a figure of pure and true womanhood. Her attachment to her father, her care for the poor,

her attention to the wounded, her proud defiance of the evil-doer, her enthusiasm for Israel's past, her deep piety, her trust in God,—all combine to produce a noble woman.

What a contrast to beautiful Rebecca is Fagin in "Oliver Twist!" Fagin is merely a distorted horrible creature possessing all human vices with no redeeming qualities. He is labeled a Jew, but not even his name is characteristic of the race. If Dickens had wished to make his thief-trainer a pure-blooded Londoner, he needed not to change a line in the portrait. The story goes that a Jewess of London wrote to Dickens saying how surprised she was that "Charles Dickens, the large-hearted, whose works plead so eloquently for the oppressed of his country, had encouraged a vile prejudice against the despised Hebrew." Realizing that he had given just cause for such an expression, Dickens did his best to atone for the wrong done by creating Riah in "Our Mutual Friend," the whole tone of which is apologetic. But an apology never rights a wrong. Sheva did not redeem Shylock. Nor could a score of Riahs offset the evil influence of Fagin. Riah showed a very sympathetic touch as did Scott's Rebecca, but something was lacking. There was need of an inside knowledge of the Jew for an adequate interpretation.

This was supplied by George Eliot, for she was not content with mere superficial observation as Marlowe, Sheridan, Thackeray, and Dickens had been. She studied Jewish history and Jewish life. Cumberland drew a good Jew, Sheva. Scott pictured a beautiful Jewess, Rebecca. Dickens painted almost an angel in Riah. But George Eliot is said to have given us the first real Jew. She laid great stress upon heredity and tradition, but Jewish critics say her characters are not over-drawn or impossible, and certainly a Jew understands the Jew best. She proves the falsity of the charge that all Jews are alike, for every Jewish character in "Daniel Deronda" is individual. Deronda's mother, the Cohens, Mordecai, the Anathoths, are all worthy of study as types. Daniel Deronda has no blot on his character, and he is a credit to the race from whom he is assumed to have descended. Charles Mabon declares that "George Eliot claims this paramount distinction,

that the light of her genius was the first to illuminate the darkness which had enveiled the higher ideals of the Jewish race, and which were preserved in all their integrity through that long night of persecution which had been their lot."

But, for the most brilliant character study of the Jew, perhaps, we must leave the domain of pure fiction and turn to Robert Browning, most of whose poems touching Jewish life have some historical foundation. All his writings were based upon a sympathetic and intellectual study of the Jewish people. He is therefore true and broad-minded in his treatment of the Jew. Nothing could express more intensely and in more concentrated language the semi-tragi-comedy enacted at Rome every year on Holy Cross Day than does the poem called "Holy Cross Day." It contains much fine satire. The scorn, the contempt, the bitterness, and the mockery of the Jews, driven like sheep and compelled to listen to the annual sermon preached with a view to converting them, is powerfully portrayed. "Rabbi Ben Ezra" is a subjective poem from which one may discover in what measure Browning appreciated the inner workings of the Jewish spirit. The background does not depend on past persecutions or on the contrast between Jew and Gentile, both of which have been too often exemplified in life and too often used as the material for poetry and fiction. The poem is a simple portrayal of the spirit of optimism with which a soul, strong and evenly poised, views life. Rabbi Ben Ezra is the great Jewish doctor, grave, sagacious, learned, "provident of good." "Saul" is another healthy and health-giving poem. The theme is the awakening of Saul's soul on contact with the vision and genius and faith of David. Rev. W. A. Quayle interprets "the service of David as the Jew's service to all races set forth by symbol. All souls are debtors to the Jew. His Elijahs and Isaiahs, his Johns and Christ, have brought soul back to itself again." Furthermore, poems like "Jochanan Hakkadosh," "Filippo Baldinucci on the Privilege of Burial," and "Ben Karshook's Wisdom" give abundant evidence of Browning's "wide knowledge of and sympathetic insight into Jewish character."

Other English poets of the early nineteenth century whose works are of Jewish interest were Byron, Burns, Scott, Coleridge, and Wordsworth. All revealed something of an appreciative reverence for the story and tragedy of Israel. One of Wordsworth's most touching poems, "A Jewish Family," has for its theme a Jewess and her three children met by the author when traveling with his daughter and Coleridge along the banks of the Rhine. In a prefatory note he says, "Though exceedingly poor and in rags, they were none the less beautiful than I have endeavored to make them appear." It is interesting to note that he further states, "The Jews who are numerous on this part of the Rhine greatly surpass the German peasantry in their beauty of features and in the intelligence of their countenances."

When we turn to our American poets, such as Longfellow and Lowell and Holmes and Whittier, we find many poems revealing the kind and true spirit with which they looked upon the Jew, and they show sympathetic feeling towards historical Judaism. Whittier's poem entitled, "The Two Rabbis", is illustrative. It tells how Rabbi Nathan, after having lived righteously for fifty years, yielded at last to a temptation. Full of repentance, he opened the Bible, and his eye fell upon this verse in the book of Proverbs, "A friend loveth at all times, and a brother is born for adversity." He looked upon himself as no longer worthy to teach. So he resigned his position among the elders and departed "in sackcloth and ashes" from out the congregation. He thought of Ben Isaac, and started to his home to tell him of his degradation. But, before he arrived there, he met his friend by the roadside, and far from looking down upon him for his transgression Ben Isaac said that in thought, though not in deed, he had likewise sinned. They prayed for one another and found that in so doing each had made his own atonement.

Of the works of Jewish interest by American prose writers Wallace's "Ben Hur" is especially worthy of mention,—a book so ennobling and so productive of good purposes. Another American writer has made a good summary of the whole novel in a condensed though attractive statement. He says,

“Israel is in the book,—Israel’s pomp, disaster, fidelity, in love, wealth of tenderness, brilliancy of achievement, unbreakable will, race instinct, the ruddy life outliving tragedy expectant for another day, defeated, triumphant; such is Ben Hur.” A wide and impartial study of history shows that such is true of the Jewish race.

While one can not but notice, as was said in the beginning, that the Jew, in most cases, has been grossly misrepresented in literature, yet, in running from the villainy of Barabas to the ideal nobleness of Ben Hur, one sees a gradual development of a more unprejudiced and therefore kindlier spirit in which the Jew is viewed. This development is rapidly progressing today when we have awaked to a truer estimate of the worth of God’s chosen people.



Edgar Allan Poe

HAL MORRISON, '09

Edgar Allan Poe, the weird genius of the South, is one of a most famous group of men born just one hundred years ago. In 1809, Lincoln and Gladstone, two great political leaders, Darwin the scientist, Chopin and Mendelssohn, the musicians, and Mrs. Browning, Tennyson, and Poe were given to the world. Two of this famous group are Americans; Lincoln, that prince of Americans who stood with the strength of a Titan for the principle he deemed right, and Poe, the most original if not the greatest man of letters America has ever produced.

Poe was primarily a man of letters, his works falling naturally into three parts, his criticisms, his short stories, and his poetry. During his life time he was known best by his criticisms, criticisms almost wholly of contemporaneous writings. This part of his work is of small value today since the material he criticised is no longer read, the world having believed with Poe that very little of it is worthy of immortality. It is as a story writer and poet that he is most frequently studied. Many recent articles and papers have discussed Poe as a master of the short story, and especially his influence on other prose writers of America, France and Germany. However, it is as a poet that he is most interesting. He holds a place in American poetry peculiarly his own. Swinburne, one of his great English admirers, has said, "Once as yet and once only has there sounded out of it all (America) one pure note of original song, worth singing and echoed from the singing of no other man—a note of song neither wide nor deep, but utterly true, rich, clear, and native to the singer—the short, exquisite music, subtle and simple and sombre and sweet, of Edgar Allan Poe."

Poe's poetry is original, unique, intensely individual. It is individual both in its subject matter and in its artistic nature. This originality is, in a large measure, due to his poetic creed. He believed that unity of impression is the essential

characteristic of a poem. For this reason a long poem is an impossibility, since the mind of man is unable to sustain for more than half an hour the elevating excitement produced by a true poem. On the other hand it must not be too short. For while a vivid impression may be produced it may not be lasting. There must be the "steady pressing down of the stamp on the wax." As a result of this belief Poe is the poet of a mere handful of lyrics—poems in which unity of impression is most striking.

According to his theory, pleasure, not truth, is the end of poetry. The means of obtaining it is beauty. This pleasure must be of an indefinite, subtle character having also an underlying note of sadness if related to human experience. Defining the difference between music, poetry and prose he said that music without an idea is simply music, music with an idea is poetry, while the idea without music is prose. With Poe as with Keats

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,
That is all ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

So that, summing up his own creed, Poe exclaimed, "Poetry is the rhythmical creation of beauty." In accordance with his creed his poems are, as one critic has said, "a series of musical diversions—fluent, sensuous, weird, and sorrowful."

Poe's poetry, although so limited in range, may be divided into two classes, that which deals with beauty in a happier strain and that which deals solely with weird and fantastic woe. While the latter is the larger and more characteristic class, yet in the other we find some of his most exquisite gems.

Woman in her purity and beauty was loved, even worshipped, by this disciple of the beautiful. Consequently, many of his poems are lovely tributes to woman. Such are the poems "To Helen," "To One in Paradise," and "Annabel Lee." "To Helen," classic in its beauty, is full of light and sunshine and happiness. These lines, addressed to Mrs. Jane Stanard, the mother of one of his school friends, one who had received him graciously and treated him with kindness, are said to have been written by Poe in his fourteenth year. Had he written

nothing else they would have been sufficient to make him famous. The second verse is perhaps the best:

“On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy naiad airs have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece,
And the grandeur that was Rome.”

“To Helen” illustrates Poe’s worship of beauty in its earthly form. In “To One in Paradise” his beloved has passed into the region of the blest, yet his love for her still completely dominates his life. In a simple unaffected manner he tells her all she has been to him.

“Thou wast all that to me, love,
For which my soul did pine,
A green isle in the sea, love,
A fountain and a shrine,
All wreathed with fairy fruits and flowers,
And all the flowers were mine.”

A third time his love for a beautiful woman is expressed in the melodious “Annabel Lee.” Annabel Lee was his child-wife whose death left him almost broken-hearted. This poem is the beautiful story of their love. Although her high-born kinsmen (the angels) have carried her to a sepulchre by the sea, it is with unwavering faith he declares that

“Neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,
For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.”

Poe’s imagination was one of his most salient characteristics. It carried him into the regions of pure ideality, for there was nothing in the humdrum American life of his day to inspire his muse. Because his imagination carried him into these regions of his own creation it is difficult for those less gifted in this divine faculty to follow his sometimes almost

hidden meaning. For instance, the thought, if there is any, in the poem "Al Aäraáf" is entirely lost in the intricate web spun by his imagination. In "Israfel," however, there is light and ecstasy. Joyfully he sings the praises of the angel "whose heart strings are a lute." In the last verse Poe tells us that, had the circumstances of his life been less mean and squalid, he might have rivalled, even surpassed the angel Israfel in singing.

"If I could dwell
Where Israfel
Hath dwelt; and he where I,
He might not sing so wildly well,
A mortal melody,
While a bolder note than his might swell
From my lyre within the sky."

But Poe, although there is a happier side to his poetry, is beyond question the poet of the weird and fantastic. His imaginative soul hovered over desolate graves, or wandered in a region of dreams,—“a ghoul-haunted region of Weir, out of Space—out of Time.” His mind was continually haunted with fearful shapes and images of ruin.

Perhaps the circumstances of his life were in a large measure responsible for the dark and sombre quality of his imagination. Poe's sensitive, romantic nature has never been fully understood. He writes—

"From childhood's hour,
I have not been
As others were. I have not seen
As others saw. I could not bring
My passions from a common spring."

He held himself strangely aloof from the crowd of men. His friends were few in number, but on those few he lavished a boundless love. How often his heart was filled with sorrow for the loss, through death or because of unfaithfulness, of one of these few! Just how much his sensitive imagination was affected by the nights spent in hopeless grief at the grave of Mrs. Stanard will never be known. How often, too, in the many times he nursed his girl wife back

to life from death's very door, his heart strings were wrung by that agony of suspense which to him was worse than death! His whole life was one of temptation and sorrow and direst poverty. Is it strange, then, that his imagination was most fertile in the regions of the weird and fantastic? Almost of necessity his mind would be filled with haunting fears and visions of ruin.

The "Dreamland" which his imagination invented and where his spirit so often wandered was a land of

"Bottomless vales and boundless floods,
And chasms and caves and Titan woods,
With forms that no man can discover
For the tears that drip all over."

This region, reached

"By a route obscure and lonely,
Haunted by ill angels only,"

was inhabited by "sheeted memories of the past." In all probability a region such as this was Poe's fantastic conception of the valley of the shadow of death.

The "City in the Sea" is a haunting image of ruin. In this place where Death is enthroned it is always night; the light comes only from the lurid water. Everything is hideously serene when suddenly, "amid no earthly moans," the city slips forever into the sea. It is a wild strange theme, but most musically treated.

The parable of a ruined mind is the theme of one of his most famous poems, "The Haunted Palace." A radiant palace where "banners yellow, glorious, golden, on its roof did float and flow," reared its head in the monarch Thought's dominion. A troop of echoes continually sang of the wit and wisdom of the king until evil things assailed his glory and all became desolate and wretched. Afterward, vast forms moved to a discordant melody and a hideous throng laughed—but smiled no more.

Poe's favorite theme is the death of a beautiful woman. With him the thought of death is always near. "The Play is the Tragedy Man. The Hero the Conqueror Worm." In

Ulalume where this weird genius reached the climax of fantastic woe there is utter desolation and hopelessness. The words, the metre, the weird music of the verse, everything expresses the helplessness, the hopeless despair of the lover, because of the death of Ulalume, lost in very death.

The "Raven," that world-famous poem, that fantastic song which haunts the memory, is a slight variation of the same theme, that of lasting sorrow for the loss of a beautiful woman. The lover longs to know if he will ever again "clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore." With startling distinctness we hear the raven quoting, "Nevermore."

In such poems as "The Sleeper" he expressed the hope that death is oblivion and forgetfulness. But "Lenore," although it is a lyric of grief, is a pæan rather than a dirge. Here is a note of real hope. While the lover is filled with a wild grief because of the death of his bride, yet he believes that she has gone

"From hell unto a high estate far up within the Heavens,
From grief and groan, to a golden throne beside the King of
Heaven."

So, while many of Poe's poems are sorrowful lyrics and mournful dirges, yet they are not altogether hopeless.

Notwithstanding the inner significance of many of his poems, Poe believed form was of more importance than substance. He was pre-eminently an artist, an artist in words. It is this union of the artistic with the imaginative element which gives to his poetry its distinctive character.

Local color with him was an essential. He believed the atmosphere of the poem conveys to a great extent the idea of the poet. It has been said, however, that in some of his poems color is there to the exclusion of any definite meaning. It is difficult to know just how he obtained his atmospheric effects. Perhaps the impression was created to a large extent by his choice of words. For instance, the words in Ulalume have a mysterious haunting spell, indescribable but real.

"The skies they were ashen and sober,
The leaves they were crisped and sere,
It was night in the lonesome October
Of my most immemorial year."

The very air of October is felt in these lines. And the heart of the lover is as crisped and sere as the leaves. In the use of words Poe was guided by sound and not by sense. It is impossible to give a correct meaning to many of them in the connection in which they are used, for example the word *immemorial* in the lines just quoted. And yet it seems to be unquestionably the right word. The same is true of "universal" in "The Sleeper," where the poet speaks of a universal valley. Many of his words, words which Emerson called polarized, have a haunting beauty of sound. Such are *albatross*, *haleyon*, *scintillant*, *Legia*, *Weir*, *Yaanek* and *Auber*.

However much Poe's verse may be famed for color, his melody is still more striking. His was the touch of a master. His was the rare gift of combining words and phrases into blending notes of harmony. Such liquid notes of haunting beauty have never been heard from any other poet. With him tone production was first and foremost. He experimented endlessly with the effects produced by combinations of words, by alliteration and assonance, by the refrain and repetend, by various rhythms and rhymes. He was master of his verse. He knew what he wanted to do and he usually did it. In other words he was a conscious artist.

Perhaps "The Bells" is the best example of the power of his alliteration and assonance. They are made to serve a definite purpose, that of producing the sound of each different bell. How distinctly the fire bells are heard in

"Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging,
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows,
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling,
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,—
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells."

The melody of his verse is also due to the exquisite use of the refrain and repetend. How often in that beautiful lyric in which the love of Poe and Virginia Clemm is so beautifully expressed, the refrain is heard, "Of the beautiful Annabel

Lee." In the "Raven" the key note almost is that one word "Nevermore." Indeed Poe asserted the entire poem was written with only that one word as a beginning. These two examples are sufficient proof of the effectiveness of Poe's use of the refrain and repetend.

We might continue to discuss the form of Poe's poetry, his originality in rhythm and rhyme, his meter, the music of his syllables, yet in the end we would reach the conclusion that after all it is the gift of genius, this command of "tinkling, silvery words and cadences."

It is true Poe's field is narrow—confined almost entirely to the realm of weird beauty. His imagination roamed far away from the busy, material world and entered a region of pure ideality. He was an artistic worshipper at the shrine of beauty. At this shrine he poured out a wild, strange music whose exquisite melody and fantastic quality haunt the mind of every reader. It is true his poetry as far as we can determine teaches no lesson of a moral nature. In it there is no criticism of life. Oftentimes there is apparently not even a thought. But if, as Emerson said, "Beauty is its own excuse for being," then America may well be proud of the poet who sang imperishable songs of beauty. As a late critic has said, surely it is not necessary that every poet be a propounder of philosophy—surely the song is worth while simply as a song.

"He who adds one mite of beauty to the world is worthy of immortality."

Some Roman Authors and Their Work

LAURA B. WEILL, '10

"The ability to read Latin is the key that unlocks a rich storehouse, in which is found a splendid code of laws, a unique and intensely interesting social life, a world-embracing political system, and a masterful literature." The Roman Empire no longer exists. No barbarous tribes bow before the stern laws of their conquerors, the world is no longer held in check by the political system of the Caesars, no ancient Roman with his strong, well-poised, logical mind walks in the Forum. These things have vanished with the passing of centuries. But one feature of the Roman civilization remains, namely, the nation's literature; and this seemingly feeble remnant of Rome's power quickens into a living, acting force the dead civilization which it represents.

One critic has said, "A nation's literature is the outcome of its whole life. To consider it apart from the antecedents and environments which form the national genius were to misapprehend its nature and its bearing." The statement is true; so when we find that in her prose rather than her poetry Rome has expressed herself, we look to the nation's general character for the cause. And this is but natural in view of the Roman character. A people practical, utilitarian, active, business-like, would hardly turn to poetry to express themselves; but prose would voice, for the most part, the thoughts and feelings of the nation.

In the first place the people's history would naturally be transmitted from generation to generation by means of prose; and Rome's history is well told by such men as Fabius, Alimentus, Cato, Censorius, Crispus, Caesar, Sallust, Nepos, Livy, and Tacitus. The early historians had but little conception of what a history should be, and always endeavored to place *their* nation, *their* party, *their* friends in the most favorable, if not always the most truthful light possible. Beginning with Crispus, however, the writers endeavored to place the stamp of truth upon their work; while Sallust set for his successors an

ideal of what a history should contain. Livy and Tacitus stand preëminent among the group, each giving to the world a connected account of Rome since its foundation; but to Tacitus especial honor is due, for during an age when pure Latin was rapidly falling into disuse, he prolonged through his writings the reign of classic Latin, impressing himself upon us as the magnificent afterglow which follows the sunset.

Roman oratory brings to our minds the figure of one man, who stands in the eyes of the world as the type of the Roman orator and statesman. Oratory at Rome, with such representatives as Scipio, Gaius Gracchus, and Crassus, and Antony had reached a high degree of perfection, before Cicero entered public life, and many thought that the golden age of oratory had passed. But during the troublous times of Catiline's rebellion, during the maladministration of Verres, during the days of Pompey's eastern conquests, and while Archias was contesting his right of citizenship, Cicero delivered orations which have remained as permanent glories to Latin literature, and addressed to a larger audience than even the crowded Roman Forum—namely, posterity.

But Cicero has been called "the myriad-minded," and rightly so-called. His letters are splendid commentaries on Roman life and customs, and together with the graceful, poetical correspondence of Horace, the highly rhetorical epistles of Pliny, and the deep, philosophical ones of Seneca, they form the bulk of Roman letter-writing. His essays, however, have contributed most largely to the world of thought. If one hears but little of Cicero's philosophy, it is because the world of ethics and metaphysics has, in a great measure, absorbed his doctrines, losing sight of their author. Indeed, Cicero's contribution to philosophy is equally as great as that of Plato, Aristotle, or Socrates. "He created for the Empire and the Middle Ages forms of thought into which the life of philosophy grew; and to that world he presented a political ideal which profoundly influenced the whole course of European history, even up to the time of the French Revolution."

Then, among Roman philosophers, stands the name of Seneca, the Stoic. He has often been censured for the highly

rhetorical tone of his writings, but despite his perpetual mannerisms, his treatises are full of great eloquence, and real sincerity and earnestness. His system is a severe one. To quench all emotion, to maintain indifference to all things external, to adopt voluntary poverty, to mortify the body and its desires, and to think of virtue only, are his by-words. His doctrine is, indeed, a rigid one, but like all things too severe, the practise of his doctrine admitted serious inconsistencies. In his enunciation of the brotherhood of man, the sanctity of human life, the unholiness of war, and the rights of slaves, we see, however, a pioneer moralist, one who was to prepare the way for the higher light of Christianity.

The first Punic War ended in 241 B. C. In the triumphal procession a Greek slave was brought to Rome as a captive. He found employment in a nobleman's family, and was soon engaged in tutoring the boys of the household in their native tongue and in Greek. At that time, Rome was practically without a literature of any kind, so in order that he might have a Latin text, the slave translated into the Roman tongue the *Odyssey* of Homer, and some of the plays by the great Greek tragedians. That slave was Livius Andronicus, and his fragmentary translations from the Greek marked the beginning of Roman poetry. His immediate successors were Ennius and Naevius, who divided their time between tragedy and epic poetry. Much of their work shows a descriptive power, and a poetical imagination which is quite remarkable, although practically all of it is an adaptation of the Greek. Ennius, however, was the author of eighteen books of *Annals*, which at once became classic, and were only dislodged as the representative Roman poem by the *Æneid*. It would be well to mention Accius among the early tragedians, but with the exception of him, Seneca, better known as the author of philosophical essays, is the only other tragedian who has outlived the ages. His plays are highly artificial, of a declamatory nature, and full of abstruse mythological allusions. Indeed, he might be called the Roman Alexander Pope; and yet, in spite of all his artificiality, the plays abound in graphic descriptions,

touching pathos, magnificent passion, and clever character analysis. The tragedy of Rome is, on the whole, a disappointing class of their literature. Borrowed from the Greek, as it was, it remained Greek to the end, with very few changes, and we wonder, with their rich national traditions and history as an inspiration, why they did not develop a national tragedy, as was the case with lyric and with epic poetry.

The comedy offers to us a more favorable outlook, and presents to us two great names—Plautus and Terence. Comedy, too, was a Greek importation, but necessarily underwent some radical changes when it reached Roman soil. Anyone who has studied Roman life and character knows that the nation as a whole was sadly lacking in that most estimable of gifts—a sense of humor. The Roman character was absolutely unable to appreciate a joke, especially when it was aimed at that most sacred of all things, the Roman dignity; and the imprisonment and subsequent banishment of one of the early comedians for violating the shrine of dignity served as a warning to all later writers. So, in a spirit of self-defense, the comedians turned their attention to rather colorless society plays, laid their scenes in Athens, and excluded everything Roman.

In comparing the two comedians, we find their work strangely similar, and yet bearing some distinguishing marks. In Plautus we find a rough, strong, vigorous nature asserting itself, with great breadth of humor, and an appeal to the populace in general. Terence, on the other hand, reflecting the society of a select literary circle, wrote in careful, polished verse, and by so doing lost much of the ease, vigor, and freshness of the older poet.

Each age and every people has had some means by which contemporary society may be criticised. Prophecy served for this purpose to the ancient Hebrews, drama to the Greek, while the newspaper editorial together with the purpose novel are performing this mission for us today. But to Rome of the Republic and early Empire satire was the moral mentor of society. It flourished during all periods of Roman history, and is a class of literature—and in fact, the only class of lit-

erature—which is Rome's own. Here we find no imitation of the Greek, but a bold and successful movement along new literary lines. The list of satirists is long. Beginning with Ennius, we find the names of Lucilius, "who slashed the citizens of his time, and broke his jaw teeth on them;" Horace, who introduced into satire a dramatic element; Persius, the expounder of the Stoic doctrine; Petronius, the past-master in the art of luxurious living; and Juvenal, who "let loose a flood of indignation, that carried away on its current or tossed aside every obstacle that impeded its onward rush." These authors covered a period of two centuries with their storm of criticism and condemnation, so we may well ask what they actually accomplished. No direct results can be traced. The best things in this world cannot be measured by material means, but in the roll of the world's benefactors, in the list of those men whose lives have been given to uplift humanity will be found the names of the Roman satirists—the Roman preachers.

And now we come to the real poetry, the poetry written for its own sake. Not the drama to be acted before the citizens, nor the satire to be hurled at the heads of the sinning Romans, but the graceful lyrics of Horace, the metaphysical philosophic poems of Lucretius, the numberless myths of Ovid, and the impassioned love poems of the unhappy Catullus. This is indeed a company of immortals, a group of men whose fame will never die. Consider for a moment Lucretius. He gave to the world a philosophic poem that has never been surpassed. It is true that he was the High Priest of Atheism, the Apostle of Irreligion, but many of his doctrines which we condemn marked the transitional stage between the religion of superstition and the religion of reason. He recognized the ancient gods, but only as a power working within mankind. He fought against the theory of divine government, which had its rise, not in reason, logic, or instinct, but in disgraceful, grovelling fear. The great charm of the poem lies in the solemn beauty of imagery and language, and "we see in him a student of nature, raised out of nature, and up to nature's God."

Ovid's work consisted in the compilation of what would be called today "A Complete Roman Mythology." It was Ovid who collected the ancient Roman traditions and legends, and wove them into a complete and connected whole. There is nothing remarkably original about the work, the grammatical construction is singularly careless, and yet we owe him a great debt of gratitude for a storehouse of wonderfully interesting tales.

Horace and Catullus vie with one another for the palm in the realm of lyric poetry. Some authorities award it to one, some to another; but the weight of the evidence seems to rest with Catullus, and he undoubtedly answers more fully to the requirements of a true lyric poet; impassioned, while Horace was reserved; fiery, while Horace was cold; intensely personal, while Horace addressed his poems to imaginary persons; and throwing all the force and energy of his being into his writings, while Horace wrote in a calm and leisurely way. Clodia, or Lesbia as he called her, the object of his passion, was the wife of a Roman nobleman, a woman whose national reputation was one of fickleness, shallowness, and immorality. Such a woman as this ruined the life of one of the world's geniuses. When we remember his intense and passionate nature, and the temptations to which it was subjected, we agree with another poet's estimate of Catullus:

"Tell me not what too well I know
About the bard of Sirmio.
Yes, in Thalia's son such stains there are as when a Grace
Sprinkles another's laughing face with nectar—and runs on."

Epic poetry "that was of all the king, round, vast, and spanning all, like Saturn's ring," we approach with a feeling of awe at the majesty of the subject. And in Roman literature especially is this class of poetry to be admired. For was it not Rome that produced Vergil, and was it not Vergil who produced the *Æneid*? The honor of the first heroic Roman poem belongs to Naevius, and in him we discover some of the sources of Vergil's inspiration. The *Annals* of Ennius were an attempt to gather up the early Roman traditions. The result was a concrete embodiment of the hardy Roman spirit.

But we turn from Ennius to Vergil, as if from prophecy to fulfillment. The Roman saw in the *Æneid* a national epic, singing of the might and glory of his race, tracing out for him its splendid past, and promising him, in the name of the gods, an endless and a boundless reign. But as far as literature is concerned, the *Æneid* is, first of all, a story, with a grandeur, a grace, a polished beauty, all its own. "It stands colossal—the unapproachable epic of the Latin tongue."

In considering the work of these writers no complete estimate can be formed without taking into consideration the influence they have exerted on subsequent literature. And a mighty influence it has been. Cicero's political ideals have been the foundation stones for the laws of many a nation. All the poets of earlier times have based their work on the principles laid down by Horace, and they have never ceased to translate his verses into modern tongues. A singular likeness can be traced between the comedies of Plautus and Terence and those of Shakespeare; and the later dramatist undoubtedly owed to the earlier ones many of his plots and characters. But of all the Roman writers, it is Vergil who has made the greatest impression on posterity. The German "*Nibelungenlied*," Dante's "*Inferno*," Goethe's "*Faust*," and our great English epic, the "*Paradise Lost*" of Milton, owe their very existence to the inspiration and example offered them by the *Æneid*. Everywhere is the *Æneid* read, everywhere is it quoted, everywhere do writers model their work according to its standards; but wherever the *Æneid* goes it carries with it the influence of the systematic, evenly-balanced, strong, steady Roman mind, the interesting and unique Roman civilization, the unparalleled system of Roman government, and the masterful Roman literature.

The Value of Shorthand

CLARA B. BYRD

It has been said that the value of an invention must be measured by the benefits derived therefrom. If this be true, shorthand, the invention of writing by sound, deserves an honored place among the great inventions of any age. Much has been made possible by its use, and it has aided largely in promoting the progress and advancement of the world. It is the purpose of this paper to show, to a certain extent, the advantage of shorthand, first, to women as individuals; second, to men as individuals; and third, to suggest briefly its value to the world in general.

Year by year the number of women who go out from their homes to earn a living increases. Year by year, the incentive or the necessity for their doing so is more apparent. In view of this, it is plain that the one great value of shorthand to women is that it has opened a profession to them which has much to commend, and little to condemn it.

Not last among the attractions of the profession is its lucrateness. It is a well-known fact that stenographers, as a class, are the best paid of all the salary-earning women; and the salary in any profession is an important consideration. Such a condition is the result of two causes: first, her work continues the whole year; second, she is a necessity, and not a luxury.

Because of the excellent remuneration which she receives, the stenographer is a very independent woman. She not infrequently builds a home of her own; she often owns stock in corporations along with her brother, and oftener still, she is able to have a bank account sufficiently large to be a genuine comfort to her soul. She is able, moreover, to contribute much to the church, and to social and civic organizations, thereby having the satisfaction of knowing that she is doing something towards the permanent advancement of the world.

The life of the stenographer may sometimes be exacting. She may at times grow weary of the close confinement of the

office, but these experiences do not come often, nor do they stay long. When she leaves the office at five or six o'clock in the afternoon, she leaves her work and all the petty cares and worries of the day behind her. She goes forth with an exhilarating sense of freedom, conscious that for the time being she is her own mistress, and that the evening is before her, with nothing in the way of work to disturb her. She may spend it as she pleases—quietly in her room, at the home of a friend, at the opera, at the lecture hall, at church—anywhere, or in any way.

The slight responsibility connected with the work of the amanuensis is not irksome. It is only when she passes into the court-room that the burden becomes heavy. A slip there might cause endless trouble; and where a technical case is long and bitterly contested, where almost every word and sentence in the testimony is weighed and challenged, she may even hold the life of a man in her hands. But the thought of the remuneration of ten dollars per day, and the transcript fee additional, is sufficient temptation to cause her to overcome any hesitation that she may feel about entering the work, if her skill is sufficient to permit her doing so.

I must not fail to note in passing the broadening effect that daily contact with the business world has upon the woman. The general information and culture, too, that she derives when able to report speeches and lectures upon various topics is valuable. Add to these all the other attractive features which I have mentioned, and the conclusion must be drawn that stenography is one of the most delightful professions in which a woman can engage.

The value of shorthand to men consists not so much in the fact that it opens a profession to them as that it provides a stepping-stone to positions of greater trust and to other professions. The number of men stenographers who are content to remain in that position is small. However, men not infrequently spend their lives in teaching the subject, and in doing expert work, such as reporting in the law courts of the large cities, or in the House of Representatives.

But the young man who wishes to enter the business world,

who feels that he has large capacities, who looks into the future and sees himself, when middle-aged, at the head of a great commercial institution, can start upon such a career in no better way than as a stenographer for some aggressive firm. By serving in such a capacity, he learns to be accurate in the minutest details, to work with dispatch, to keep his "reason firm" under pressure. He learns self-control, and how to work with people daily without friction. He learns, too, the "secrets" of the business; for he stands within the closed doors, and no plan, no scheme, is projected with which he is not familiar. An opportunity is thus given him to show that he can be trusted. When this has been done, the promotion from stenographer to private secretary is a natural consequence. A forward step having once been made, advancement is sure; and the man who at the age of twenty was stenographer for a firm, at forty may be its president. In a well-known insurance company with which I am acquainted, the second vice-president, the assistant secretary, and another valued representative—all still young men—started as stenographers.

It is noticeable, too, that the shorthand-writer often passes into the field of journalism or authorship. This usually occurs where the amanuensis has acquired sufficient skill to become a verbatim reporter, and is connected with a newspaper in that relation. The transition is very natural, for that phase of the profession is, to a certain extent, a literary one. The constant habit of writing for the press, though only recording the opinion and utterances of others, gives a certain facility in composition which a literary man requires. However, it will not always give ideas. A reporter may be all his life allowing the ideas of others to distill through his pen, and yet may be very deficient in originality of composition. Where this is absent, no mere facility in the construction of sentences will avail him for a literary career; but where there is any real literary ability, the practice of reporting cannot fail to aid it. The opportunity for displaying it, moreover, will not be wanting. It may sometimes happen that the editor is ill or absent. If the reporter can write an editorial in his stead, the service will be gladly accepted. So that when a vacancy occurs on the

editorial staff, it is quite natural that the reporter should be called upon to fill the place.

He may also try his hand at sketches of various kinds—say the description of antiquities that he has seen, or the ferreting out the origin of local customs and sayings, etc. The people who read his articles are pleased. He is encouraged to write others. The habit grows. When he has written a series of articles upon a subject, perhaps he will give them a more permanent embodiment in the shape of a book. Thus he becomes an author, and in the course of time, he may find more congenial and profitable employment in giving the world the result of his own thoughts and researches than he has found in recording the ideas of others. Two eminent examples of the development of the shorthand-writer into the journalist and author are Edward Bok, editor of *The Ladies' Home Journal*, and Charles Dickens, the great English novelist.

Another easy transition that the shorthand-writer makes is to law. A young man who has spent a few years in a law office, or, better still, who has served as a court reporter, learns much about the profession. In the daily dictation he becomes acquainted with the meaning of legal terms and phrases. In writing out issues and pleadings, he learns what are the salient points in a case. In hearing the case discussed between lawyer and client, he learns how to make the case up—how to strengthen the weak places in his own evidence, and weaken what appears to be a strong place in the evidence of the other side.

The court reporter carries this experience a little further. In transcribing testimony, both sides of the case, with the evidence sifted back and forth, is before him. In transcribing the charge of the judge to the jury, he sees the law applied—where it condemns and where it supports. Add to all this the influence that environment has upon any individual, and it is plain why a young man in the position of which I write should turn to the law, and why his preparation for that profession should have an added element of practical experience. I have especially in mind a young attorney who for six years was stenographer for a law firm composed of men of recog-

nized ability. At the end of that period, he severed his connection with them. He attended a law school, and completed his course in a comparatively short time. After three years, he returned to the office of his former employers as a junior member of the firm. He attributes his singular success to the preliminary training received while a shorthand-writer.

At this point, let me pause to remark that what is now true with regard to the value of shorthand to men is fast becoming true with regard to women. There is little doubt that in a few years the woman stenographer who so desires will be making her way into these professions just as her brother is now doing.

I shall not attempt to present a detailed estimate of what shorthand means to the world at large. My effort shall be to give only an idea of the magnitude of its value. We can conceive of our dependence upon the telegraph and the railway. Our dependence upon shorthand is comparatively as great. It would be almost as easy to substitute the man with his quill pen for the shorthand-writer, as to substitute the courier for the telegraph, or the stage-coach for the railway. If there is chaos in a commercial establishment when the stenographer is absent for a week, what would be the result if she should depart for all time? Think for an instant, too, of what the result would be if it were impossible to have permanent records of court and legislative proceedings. Think, again, of the loss that would be sustained if the newspapers should be deprived of the sermons and speeches of great preachers and orators. From these considerations, though few in number, I hope that some idea of the general value of the science may be obtained.

Shorthand has opened to thousands of women who earn their own living a profession which is comparatively free from any disagreeable feature. It has done this for men, and far more, in that it has paved the way to professions of greater intellectual activity. What it has done in that respect for men, it will in the future also do for women. Just what the science means to the world at large cannot be told in a few words. Suffice it to say that the commercial system of today,

with its resulting benefits, could not exist without it, and much that is valuable in the way of literature could never be preserved. In view of these facts, is it not clearly proved that the invention of shorthand must be numbered among the great achievements of all times, and that its value is both permanent and indispensable?



Spring

WILLARD POWERS, '10

Over the winds and snows so cold,
Over winter's sombre mantle fold,
Spring has spread her soft green wings;
And now all nature lives and sings.

The birds flit about with a new delight
And sing and sing with all their might.
The flowers and leaves come out to see
How warm the rays of the sun can be.

And all are free and happy and gay,
For the wings of Spring have fanned away
All that's dull and dismal and drear,
And brought forth Happiness, Hope, and Cheer.

A Revenue Officer's Experience

ROSE BATTERHAM

Two men sat in the light of a blazing log fire conversing together earnestly. Soon the elder arose and took his heavy coat from a peg stuck in the clay between the rough logs of the wall. He struck a match to light his old corn cob pipe, and the little flame brought into relief a countenance of rugged and strong features, where glittered two little black eyes set far back under gray and grisly eyebrows the same color as his hair. Suddenly he turned to the man by the fire and asked, "Air ye ready?"

"Yes. But tell me this before we start. Why are you, once the most desperate moonshiner in these districts, going to help me hunt up them other moonshiners, who are giving us revenue officers so much trouble? I thought you mountain people were more loyal to each other."

"Wall, wall, if you must know, I'll tell ye. This here's the new crowd I'm going to help you hunt up. Now we old crowd stuck together like leeches; and as for this loyal business you talk of, why, I've walked miles of a cold, windy night to warn a friend when some of you revenue tribe was around. That was us old ones; and we was honest; you don't think so, but we was. Most of us died off and I got old and tired of the job and quit. Then Jim Stokes, he died, and this new gang got all the trade. Most of them air a rascally lot and hit's good to get shet of them. Poor old Jim, he was loyal all right—'ud fight to the last. He was so plumb honest that he didn't leave nary a cent. Law' knows how his daughters live. No one sees them these days. I reckon they air ashamed being so pore. The Stokes blood won't bring himself to common work—rather starve, they would."

The officer was getting impatient to go and eagerly darted to the door when the old man lifted the latch.

"Wait, my son, hold on. If you have any firearms you might turn them over. This ain't no fighting trip, you can do that later. We're just going explorin'."

The speaker took the pistol his companion reluctantly handed to him and put it on the stone mantel-shelf over the fire.

It was a fearfully rough trail that they had to travel and the darkness and dreariness of the night added to their difficulties. The mountaineer led the way, taking the trail with long, easy strides. Soon his follower was panting and breathless far behind. The other chuckled when he turned around to wait for him, and said scornfully, "You're a good one to come hunting moonshiners. Why, they could all be away over the Tennessee line before you even lit out."

Up, up they climbed and as the trail wound in and out they crossed and recrossed a stream, that dashed madly over great boulders or fell into some quiet pool, there to rest a moment before rushing onward to water the cattle and turn the mill wheels of the people down in the valley below. After about an hour the trail became almost level. "We've come to the top of the ridge. Now we have to make around that peak yonder, that you can't see for this confounded darkness. It seems to me right around there's where we'll catch them. Hit's a good place to raise corn and there's plenty of water and I've been noticing a sort of smoke hanging round the mountain every evening for a good while. Come on, you air powerful slow."

The old man was right, for after they rounded the peak, where the trail became rougher than ever, they saw the dull glow of a fire through the thick rhododendron bushes.

The mountaineer bent low and began crawling, panther-like. He motioned for his companion to do the same. "Hesh, come up higher. Hit's best to be above them and look down on them. Hit's a darned sight safer too."

The officer in his excitement kept abreast of him in their mad scramble through the mountain thicket. Now they had gained the height of a cliff overhanging the moonshiner's camp, and they could peer over without being seen.

The fire brought everything well into view. Several rusty iron vessels were standing near, some containing water, others corn shelled from a pile of cobs near the fire. Busily and eagerly working were the moonshiners themselves — three

women. There was something extremely pitiable about them, as with a wild, half-frightened look they toiled in the loneliness of the mountains.

The old man gasped and fell back into the bushes. "Lord, Jim Stokes's daughters!" Quick as a flash he whipped the red bandanna from around his neck and bound it over his companion's eyes.

It was a terrible trip back to the settlement for both men, through the thicket, around the peak, over the ridge and down the long, winding trail, rough with its jagged stones and fallen tree trunks. The extreme blackness was relieved by the moon, which now and then appeared through the clouds. But all was dark to the officer with his blindfolded eyes. Fearing those quick-tempered and sullen mountain folk he dared not speak, but stumbled along after his leader, who now and then lent him a helping hand over the rougher places. At last, foot-sore and heavy-hearted, he felt ploughed ground under his feet and knew that he had been brought to some place of habitation. He was entering a house; the bandanna was torn from his eyes and he saw the room he started from ages, it seemed, ago.

"I thought hit best to blindfold ye, as the moon shone some and you might have learned the way back up there again. Now look ye here, young man, I've brought ye safe back, if I did feel like killing you. But I kep' my word and here you air safe; now stay safe by keeping clear of this here settlement, you and your tribe. Here's your gun. Look yonder over the fire, there's mine, hit's fought again your kind many a time. Now go. I reckon there air some good moonshiners left."

The officer gladly escaped and the mountaineer leaned heavily against the stone mantel-shelf. Caressing his gun he half sobbed, "Fergive me, Jim. To think that I shouldn't be loyal to your family! Who would 'a' thought that it was Jim Stokes's daughters?"



State Normal Magazine

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No. 4

The Library Commission

During the last session of the Legislature a bill was passed, providing for the establishment and maintenance of a state library commission in North Carolina.

A survey of the field since 1895 will serve to show what marked progress in the realm of library activity this will mean. Before 1897 when the free public library at Durham was established, North Carolina could not boast of one.

The object of this commission as set forth in the bill shall be to give assistance, advice, and counsel to all libraries in the state, to all committees which may propose to establish libraries, and to all persons interested, as to the best means of establishing and administering such libraries, as to the selection of books, cataloging, maintenance, and other details of

library management, as may be practicable. The commission may aid in organizing new libraries, or in improving those already organized, and may establish and maintain traveling or other libraries, as may be practicable. The commission shall employ a secretary, not a member of the commission, who shall be a person trained in modern library methods, and who shall receive such compensation as the commission may decide, and who shall perform the usual duties of a secretary and such other duties as may be assigned by the commission, and who shall serve at the will of the commission.

The need for such an organization is apparent in every section of the state. Not only are we behind other states in the library advantages offered in the rural districts, but in our towns also, for there are only three free public libraries in the state at present. Greensboro, Charlotte and Durham must be proud of them.

This bill is the result of three years' study by the librarians of North Carolina, assisted by citizens having the welfare of the state at heart. It is especially gratifying to the faculty and students of the Normal College to know that it was largely through the instrumentality of Miss Annie Petty, president of the North Carolina Library Association, that its success was due. Dr. Gordon, who is a friend to the college, introduced the bill.

Reunions of the Cornelian and Adelphian Literary Societies

Commencement this year was made more interesting because of the reunions of the Adelphian and Cornelian Literary Societies. Invitations were sent to all old members and they were urged to be present, if possible. On Friday, the twenty-first, the old girls began to arrive. They were met at the car line by marshals dressed in white and wearing their society colors, who led them to the Curry Building to register. This building had undergone a wonderful transformation. The desks on all the first floor had been removed and in their places were beds and inviting couches piled with sofa pillows.

The floors were covered with rugs, and numbers of rocking chairs and tables with vases of flowers gave an air of comfort to the rooms. By Saturday night the number of alumnae registered was more than one hundred. At ten o'clock Saturday morning the former Adelprians met in their society hall,—which many of them had never seen,—for an informal meeting together. The regular business meeting of this society was held at three o'clock that afternoon.

At eight o'clock Saturday evening, the Adelprians held their reunion banquet in the auditorium of the Students' Building. The desks had been removed and tables placed in a hollow square, decorated with bowls of daisies and ferns. Fruits, salads and ices were served. Miss Jessie Smoak, toastmistress, presided with grace and dignity, and the toasts to "Our Society," "Former Members," and "The College," responded to by Miss Helen Austin, Miss Frances Broadfoot, and Miss Coit, Secretary of the College, made us all sure that these occasions are really worth while, and mean much for our sisterhood and for the growth of the college we love so well.

The Cornelians held their annual business meeting at 3:30 Saturday afternoon. They adjourned at 5:30, and met again for their reunion banquet at 9 o'clock in the dining-hall of the Spencer Building. The hall was decorated with palms and ferns. Festoons of cedar and pink roses looped from the beams overhead added greatly to the effect. The tables were arranged in triangular form, the shape of the Cornelian pin, and decorated by smilax and huge bowls of daisies and ferns. Covers were laid for four hundred and fifty guests, and very few chairs were vacant. At each place was a beautiful souvenir, a dainty book bound in Copenhagen blue leather. The cover was stamped in gold. Within were twelve pages. On the first was an embossed design of the pin, on the next a greeting to the old girls, then in order, the program of the reunion, a picture of the entrance hall of the Students' Building, one of the Cornelian Hall, the menu and the announcement of the toasts. Miss Kate Jeffreys, who presided as toastmistress, made a short address of welcome and then introduced

Miss Nettie Dixon, who gave the first toast of the evening. The toasts came in the following order:

To the Old Cornelians	Nettie Dixon
Response	Emily Austin
To the Cornelian Faculty	Nannie Lacy
Response	Mrs. Sharpe
To the Honorary Members	Clara Lambe
Response	Mr. Douglas
To the Visitors	Lillian Dalton
Response	Settle Sharpe
To the Future of the Society	Edna Duke
To the College	Eleanor Huske
Response	Pres. J. I. Foust

Since Mr. Foust found it impossible to be present, Mrs. Sharpe read his response, a message which was appreciated. The Italian orchestra of Winston furnished music during the evening.

We believe that everyone who came enjoyed the reunions. We only wish it had been possible for more to have been with us. We are sure the societies have been greatly benefited and we hope that this, the first, may not be the last reunion.

Notice to Alumnae

The same arrangement between the Alumnae Association and the State Normal Magazine with regard to Alumnae subscriptions will be continued next year. Every alumna sending the annual fee of one dollar to the Treasurer of the Association before November will get a year's subscription to the Magazine free. The editors shall endeavor to pay special attention to alumnae notes, and they will appreciate from the alumnae any contribution or any information concerning "old girls."

Senior Entertainments

On the evening of October 16th, 1908, when Greensboro was in the midst of her centennial celebration, Mr. Foust took the Seniors and marshals on a car ride which was much enjoyed. At that time the city was illuminated by millions of

electric lights. Elm street with its arches and decorated buildings was especially beautiful. During the ride, songs of such an irresistible nature were sung that all joined in whether they could carry a tune or not.

Mr. Matheson entertained the Seniors on the evening of November 26th in the Curry Building. They were received in the teachers' reading room by Mr. Matheson and the supervising teachers of the Training School. After a few minutes of pleasant conversation, the guests were led into the pedagogy room, which had been most pleasingly transformed into a dining-room, decorated with blue and white, the class colors. Here a delightful repast was served consisting of quail on toast and other good things. Mr. Matheson gave a toast to the class, full of wit and humor, bringing in their doleful experience as Senior teachers. Afterwards chafing dishes were brought in and those skilled in the art of candy-making prepared fudge, while others played and sang; all seemed to have a jolly good time. At half past ten, while "Merrily We Roll Along" was being sung, Miss Kirkland suggested that we roll toward the dormitory. So the guests departed, having enjoyed every minute of that evening with the Training School faculty. This entertainment gave added pleasure because it came near the beginning of the year and gave opportunity to the Seniors for becoming better acquainted with the teachers under whom they were to do much of their work during their last year.

The crowning social event for the Seniors occurred on February 8th, when the Juniors took them to the opera house to witness the play, "The Man of the Hour." It was not altogether a surprise when the Juniors went for the Seniors and took them to the car line, for it had been whispered around what was to happen. Miss Kirkland, President and Mrs. Foust and several other members of the faculty chaperoned the party.

After the play a delightful supper was served at the college in the Administration Building in one of the recitation rooms made beautiful with Japanese decorations and cut flowers.

The souvenirs for each one present were rose jars. Some of the Sophomores in Japanese costume made very graceful waiters.

March 19th brought a very pleasant evening for the Seniors. Mr. and Mrs. Foust took them, accompanied by Miss Kirkland, Miss Coit and Miss Banner, to the presentation of "Hamlet" by the Ben Greet players. They were very pleasantly surprised when they reached the opera house upon finding the boxes decorated with their class colors and pennants. Everyone must have enjoyed the play, for the actors were at their best and did themselves great credit.

But this evening was not more enjoyable than that on April 13th, when Mrs. Sharpe and Mr. Hoexter took the Seniors and Juniors to hear Madame Ellen Beach Yaw sing. Some who can appreciate music enjoyed Madame Yaw even more than Mme. Sembrich, or Calvé, and one competent to judge said that her work was more masterly than that of Gadski, Sembrich, or Calvé.

The Virginia-Carolina baseball game is the event of the season in Greensboro, and for weeks the Normal College girls look forward to this occasion, and it is needless to say that a large and enthusiastic crowd attended the game. Mr. Matheson chartered a car and took the Seniors, who were the only Normal girls able to obtain seats in the grand stand. Though Carolina was defeated it was after a hard fight, and all who wore the Carolina colors were proud of the home team and have since rejoiced in their splendid victory won over Virginia in Charlottesville.

The Senior Class spent a pleasant hour with the Social Committee of the Y. W. C. A. on the afternoon of May 6th in the summer house in Peabody Park. This summer house, which is made from the logs formerly used in the historic Guilford Court House, was made attractive and comfortable by flowers, rugs and pillows. After a few minutes of pleasant conversation with the cabinet of the Y. W. C. A., a little booklet on which was painted the class flag and which was tied

with blue and white ribbon was given to each guest. Within were nineteen verses applicable to the individual members of the class. The Seniors were asked to guess which were applied to each member. Miss Flieda Johnson won the prize, a large box of candy which she generously shared with the others. Finally refreshments were served, after which all went to the dining-room for the regular six o'clock dinner.

Other social events which gave the Seniors great pleasure and which will long be remembered were the camp supper, given by Miss Bell, and a most delightful reception by Dr. Gove given at her home near the College, where all the girls were pleased to meet her father and mother, who for several years have left their New England home to spend their winters here with Dr. Gove.

Classes of previous years have arranged to hold their regular reunions every four years, and this brings to each commencement the classes of previous years having gone out under the colors of the graduating class.

This year the Seniors gave a dinner in the college dining-room in honor of the members of the alumnae having blue and white for their colors. The occasion was much enjoyed by all who attended, and the custom is commended to succeeding classes!

The last entertainment and one of the most delightful in honor of the class of 1909 was the surprise reception given by Mr. and Mrs. Hammel as the farewell songs were sung on Monday night after the reading of the essays. When the Seniors reached Mr. Hammel's they were invited up on the porch for a rest. And it was a quiet, restful hour for them. They regretted to leave even though it was past one o'clock. Delicious refreshments were served and one more delightful social function was added to the record of this our Senior year.

Field Day

The increased interest manifested in athletics this year is without doubt attributable to our director of physical culture, Miss Bertha Bell.

For the first time in the history of the college "Field Day" was celebrated, and it was a real gala day for students and faculty. The weather was ideal for a holiday, and every one entered into the games with enthusiasm and good humor.

At 8:30 the basket ball game was called. This game was played between the Juniors and a picked team from the college, the Juniors having won the right to play by defeating the other teams during Tournament Week. This game was won by the Picked Team. After this came hockey, jumping, ball throwing, tennis, base ball and finally the marching. Only the Freshmen and Junior classes marched, and while the honors were carried off by the Juniors, the Freshmen certainly deserve words of commendation, for they marched beautifully, and with their large numbers the figures which they made added much to the spectacular features of the day.

The results of Field Day are given in tabulated form below.

The Juniors by virtue of their eighteen points won the pennant, and they as the successful class presented to Miss Bell, for the four college classes, a silver cup, in grateful appreciation of her constant, untiring effort in her physical culture work during the winter, and the wonderful impetus which her enthusiasm has given to the field athletics this spring.

Field Day Results, May 7, 1909

EVENTS	First Place	Second Place	Third Place	Winning Class
Track Work 100 Yard Dash	II Prep. M. Paddison Sophomore	Junior Winnie McWhorter II Prep.	Senior Okla Dees Senior	Juniors
Run'g High Jump	C. Jones 4 ft 2 in Sophomore	G. Brockmann 4 ft	Edna Duke	
Broad Jump . . .	C. Jones 12 ft 4½ in	M. Paddison 12 ft 4 in	
Relay Race	
Throwing Ball . .	II Prep. M. Morgan 165 ft 2 in	Junior C. Lambe	Sophomore C. Jones	II Preparatory Juniors Select Team Juniors
Base Ball	
Tennis	
Basket Ball	
Marching	



In Lighter Vein

CLAUDE UMSTEAD

Several girls were discussing the character of Antonio in "Merchant of Venice," when Sophia D. said: "Is Antonio a man?" Then as everyone laughed, she said: "Oh, you know he was a woman."

Virgie J. to a Junior, who was studying Wordsworth: "Do you know I read something in Wordsworth's *dawry* the other day." A wise Sophomore was telling this to several of her friends and one of them added: "Well, what did she mean, anyhow?" The Sophomore replied, "She meant dairy."

Freshman on written lesson in drawing: "Da Vinci was painting a portrait of St. Anne, but according to his custom, before he completed it, he died."

Elma W. wants to know if Mary M. has her presents on exposition.

Miss S., one of the visiting alumnae, noticed a picture of Prof. M. in a teacher's room. She accidentally looked on the other side of the photograph, and saw this startling announcement: "J. A. Matheson, Reduced." The picture had been sent to be copied for the annual and the printer had reduced the size. But Miss S. was not aware of that fact when she said: "Give me my hat! My mother has told me always to look for bargains and take them when I once see them. Where's that man?" We guess she did not find him, for he was still here the other day.

Once upon a time a suit case marked "J. A. M." was in the railway station. The owner was sitting near by when a

group of girls approached. One of them said, "See that! will you?" Another, "Upon my life—jam!" "I am certainly hungry." "Wonder what kind it is?" One suggested it might be *plumb*. About that time J. A. M. awoke to the fact that he was the center of interest.

A grave digger dug a grave for a man by the name of Button. The bill presented read as follows: "May 12, one button-hole, five dollars."—*Exchange*.

A Chinese version of a school teacher:

Teachee, teachee,
All day, teachee,
Night markee papers,
Nervey, all creepy.
No one kissee,
No one huggee,
Poor old maidee,
No one lovee. —*Exchange*.

Miss B.: "I want everyone in the class to write the longest sentence you can think of." Richard wrote: "Imprisonment for life."

A Senior in the Training School teaching geography: "Name some productions of Turkey."

Small child: "Grease and feathers."

Little Anne, much mortified at her playmate's ignorance of good English, ran to her mother and exclaimed: "Mama, Ruth says ain't 'cause she hain't been teached to say isn't."

Brief Sketch of Heine: Heinrich Heine was borned in 1799. He was a Jew of the upper classes. And was a fine German writer. He died in 1856.

Mr. Merritt was reviewing his Juniors on English grammar and asked Bonnie B. to give him a sentence with an appositive. She answered: "John is a good boy."

"I beg your pardon, but you have not quite gotten the idea, yet," said Mr. Merritt. Her next attempt was still unsuccessful, for she gave, "John is a very good boy." Her third sentence was, "John, the good boy, is bad."

"What a wonderful boy was John!" exclaimed Mr. Merritt.

Father: "Johnnie, what are you making all that racket for?"

John, pertly: "So I can play tennis."

Father: "Then you will need a bawl too, so bring me that trunk strap."—*Exchange.*

The school girl with large feet was sitting with them stretched far out into the aisle, and was busily chewing gum when the teacher espied her.

"Mary," called the teacher sharply.

"Yes, ma'am?" questioned the pupil.

"Take that gum out of your mouth and put your feet in."—*Exchange.*

MATHEMATICS

I have to do such silly sums

Like this: "If you had two

Nice pears and gave your sister one,

How many'd be left you?"

Now, teacher knows as well as me

I'd have the same pears still,

'Cause I haven't any sister—

(And I hope I never will!).

But every time I answer, "Two!"

She says: "No! no! Just one!"

So that's the way my trouble with

Arithmetic begun!

I will not make believe I have
 A sister just for school,
 But teacher says until I do
 I'm on the dunce's stool!

—*Mazie V. Caruthers.*

THE GAY GIRL GRADUATE

A. T. A.

The era of the glad summer time is here,
 The time of floral grandeur and array;
 When winsome misses, beauteous, coy, sincere,
 Their book-learned wisdom (and their gowns) display.

It is the season of commencement time,
 And theses sage, and essays most profound,
 And baseball heroes looking so sublime
 At bat or rushing o'er the diamond ground.

It is the era of the green, green grass,
 And all the sumptuous shrubs for man to eat,
 The dawning days for the sweet summer lass
 Who reigns supreme at seaside's soft retreat.

The time that flies (and also time of flies),
 The season when the June bug sings his lay;
 The period for the fishman's fruitful lies,
 And when each Ananias has his say.

But best of all that summer brings to us,
 So charming, radiant, winsome and sedate:
 Possessed of self-reserve, and conscious
 That she is queen—the gay girl graduate.

Alumnae and Former Students at Commencement

LOLA J. LASLEY, '09

Sadie Sterne, Greensboro; Pearl Wyche, '03, Greensboro; Ethel Brown, '08, Tarboro; Bessie Howard, '00, Greensboro; Kate Redmond, Tarboro; Carrie Mullins Hunter, '93, Greensboro; Mary T. Moore, '03, Mt. Airy; Minnie McIver Brown, Chadbourn; Lillian Massey, '03, Durham; Kate McArthur McAlister, Lumberton; Lee Lentz, Hickory; Bettie Leary, '08, Colerain; Margaret Perry, '95, Wilkesboro; Bessie Rouse, '97, Raleigh; Emma Parker Maddry, '99, Greensboro; Maranda Spencer Holton, Wakefield; Leola Stevens, Clarkton; Winnie Harper, '07, Snow Hill; Mary Reid, '07, Charlotte; Mary F. DeVane, '97, Faison; Mary Davis, '05, Monroe; Nettie Allen, '95, Henderson; Lucy M. Cobb, Greensboro; May Michaux, Worry; Hilda Early, Scotland Neck; Sallie Glass, Durham; Rebecca Warlick Everhart, '05, Newton; Keith Covington Murphy, Greensboro; Daphne R. Carraway, '02, Wilson; Eulala Blevins, Wilkesboro; Mrs. Fred S. Aldridge, '96, Durham; Mrs. H. H. Baughan, '96, Wilkesboro; Mary Langdon Ayer, Fayetteville; Jannet Austin, '06, Tarboro; Emily Austin, Tarboro; Minnie Field, '02, Greensboro; Mary Fitzgerald, '08, Mocksville; Lois Boyd, Rock Hill, S. C.; Eula May Blue, '07, Carthage; Annie Ezzelle, Waxhaw; Jeannie D. Evans, Fayetteville; Mrs. Fred Eshelman, High Point; Virginia Brown Douglas, '02, Greensboro; Mrs. E. M. Cox, '05, Columbia, S. C.; Catherine Arnold, '08, Cameron; Emma Gill, '08, Laurinburg; Bina Fay Garvey, Beaver Creek; Edna Forney, '08, Greensboro; Sallie Griffith, Winston; Myrtle Griffith, Winston; Belle Hampton, '07, Greensboro; Nena Hackett, North Wilkesboro; Sue Nash, '00, Hillsboro; Florida Morris, '03, Hendersonville; Roche Michaux, '02, Greensboro; Annie M. McIver, '05, Greensboro; Iola V. Exum, '97, Snow Hill; Fannie McClees, '99, Durham; Augusta Landis, Oxford; Fodie Buie Kenyon, '93, Washington, D. C.; Nellie Joyce, '08, Danbury, N. C.; Hazel Hunt, Goldsboro; Annie

Hundley, '98, Leaksville; Mabel Howell, '07, Goldsboro; Lula Jeanette Holmes, Efland; Annie Lee Hoffman, Morganton; Ethel Hodges, '08, Kinston; Elizabeth W. Hicks, '06, Faison; Tempe Parker Harris, "1924," Reidsville; Mrs. A. L. Harris, Reidsville; Eugenia Harris, '04, Salisbury; Eva Hardesty, '04, Morehead City; Jessie S. Smith, Duke; Annie Lee Shuford, '05, Newton; Mattie Kate Shaw, '07, Carthage; Minnie Ross, '07, Concord; Mary A. Ramseur, China Grove; Carrie Powell, '08, Lenoir; Elizabeth Powell, '05, Lenoir; Blanche Pickard, '99, Chapel Hill; Florence W. Pearson, Morganton; Annie Plonk Patterson, King's Mountain; Lucy Dees Davenport, '95, Morehead City; Mrs. D. E. Webb, Linwood; Lizzie McIver Weatherspoon, '93; Nina N. Vinson, Brinkleyville; Mabel Trotter, Charlotte; Lelia A. Styron, '05, New Bern; Etta Spier, '95, Goldsboro; Clara Spicer, '05, Goldsboro; Agnes Speight, Roper; Dora Snipes, '08, Goldsboro; Lulie Whitaker, '07, Enfield; Bessie Lewis Whitaker, Raleigh; Nannie Hunter Wells, Brinkleyville; Grace White, Concord; Pattie Vaughn White, '07, Mebane; Lillie B. Williams, '98, Greensboro; Jeanette Trotter Whitman, '03, Mount Airy; Willie White, '08, Concord; Emma H. S. Brandt, '00; Bessie C. Withers, High Point; Lorena Pickard, '95, Chapel Hill; Nettie Brogden, '08, Goldsboro; Caroline Wilson, Madison; May R. Williams, '05, Newton; Mary Williams, '08, Mooresville.

ORGANIZATIONS



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 Jessie SmoakWilkes County
 Flieda JohnsonGuilford County
 Laura WeillNew Hanover County
 Marion StevensWayne County

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 Okla DeesPamlico County
 Eleanor Huske...Cumberland County
 Jane SummerellRowan County

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